

SEPTEMBER 1897.

NEW SERIES. PART XI.

# THE LEISURE HOUR



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J. B. YEATS.

## CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



THEY THREW HIM INTO THE SEA THAT THEY MIGHT SEIZE HIS MONEY.

### CHAPTER XXI.—THE EFFORT OF MEMORY.

**A**MBROSE GWINETT had been for several months deputy captain of the prison, his first connection with which had been as captive, when a ship arrived from another Spanish settlement on the coast, with nine English prisoners on board. As the young Kentishman conducted them to the Governor's house, he was forcibly struck by the face of one of them. It was of extraordinary pallor, and a profound sadness marked it. In the exercise of his duty Ambrose Gwinett had to some extent learned to harden his heart, and was

more proud of this newly acquired knowledge than was perhaps needful. It was, therefore, with a sense of mortification, as well as of annoyance, that he found the man of feeling in him roused by his rueful-visaged compatriot, and was conscious that his glance rested on him with a high interest.

It would have been strange if this had not been so. All the words—and in English there are many of them—that describe the looks of misery with mystery connoted—enough to name here *wan*, *weird*, *elritch*—applied to this man's appearance. He had caught the gaze of many in his day, and held that of Ambrose

Gwinett so strongly that, when he had left the nine men at the Governor's house, the captain's deputy discovered himself to be in the anomalous position of a warden who had only looked at one of his wards, this bringing deep embarrassment upon him when he was summoned before his chief to report upon the men. The Spanish officer was manifestly greatly vexed, and asked acridly of his deputy if he had also held discourse with this one prisoner only.

Ambrose replied, with fine temper and high dignity:

"I held discourse with none of them, sir. Their knowledge of the Spanish, I found, was naught."

The Spaniard looked slightly taken aback.

"Spoke you not in English with them?" he asked.

"No, sir," was answered. "I am in Spanish service."

"You did rightly." The dark face lightened.

At this moment a servant entered with meats, which he placed on a table laid for two. The captain of the prison took his seat at it, and signed to his deputy to take the place opposite to him. The meal was passed in the silence which usually marks a repast taken by two living in daily contact, and when at length the Englishman, who, of the two men, had seemed the more deeply pre-occupied, broke the stillness, he addressed himself, not to his companion, but to the insubstantial air, remarking in the unmistakable inflection of the genuine soliloquist:

"There is in his face something I have been before acquainted with."

This was said by Ambrose with hand pressed to his left temple, the seat of memory, if doctors err not.

The Spaniard looked in no wise surprised at his companion's thus falling into loud meditation—a thing, this, which, it would seem, was commoner two hundred years ago than it is now. He continued to eat his food in silence, less interested in the young man's uttered communication than in the play of thought in his face.

Writers on memory tell us that, under certain conditions, this faculty may be suspended while the intelligence remains intact; that periods of personal history may elude the grasp, and the continuity of impressions which goes far to constitute the feeling of identity be broken up. It was evident that something very similar to this had happened in the case of Ambrose Gwinett, and that the converse process was now taking place, and, under strong emotion, as he evidently was, impressions which had entirely faded from his mind were returning to it. His face wore the indescribable look of distress which accompanies a strong mental effort, and, with still his hand pressed to his head, he set to work deliberately, for the first time since the dread punishment inflicted on him at Deal, to call back, in the order of their occurrence, the events which had transpired between his setting out from Canterbury on that ill-starred September 17, 1709, and his subsequent execution.

There were pages in this unhappy chapter of his life which Ambrose had let pass wholly from his thoughts. Thus he had ceased to call to mind the night spent by him at the Nag's Head Inn at Deal, the events marking which he had found it impossible, even upon the morning after it, to divide clearly, distinguishing between dream and reality. All now came back to his remembrance with unaccountable clearness, starting with the recollection of the man whom he had seen sitting in the back parlour of Master Murlin's inn, counting money by the light of a candle. The room in which he was seated with the Spaniard was metamorphosed into that inn-parlour, and once more he was standing in its doorway, and to his eyes, smarting with sleep and rendered sensitive by the low light of a dying fire, the newly snuffed dip was a great light. Through blinking lids he was looking at the man, sitting in nightgown and nightcap at a table, with his pale face bent over shining coins and taking a deeper pallor from their yellowness. A woman at his side spoke, and the man's face was lifted.

From this point memory served Ambrose as little as his eyes had served him on the actual occasion which he was recalling. In the lifted face of the money-counter he now, as then, noted nothing but a deep pallor. While he was trying to mend this matter, his memory landed him at a blank abyss, which he could not bridge, howbeit he found himself after a while at the other side of it. In other words, recollection came back to him, and he saw himself sitting up in a bed, and beside him another, a man in great distress. A young moon gave the all of light that was on this man's face, and, as Ambrose tried to make out its lineaments, he again found himself unable to do this, seeing on the face, as before, only a deep pallor.

It seemed to Ambrose to fit in oddly with a parallel which he was now drawing in his mind, that he found himself unable in the case of the man whom he had only some hour before escorted to the Governor's house, and whom he had looked at fixedly all along the route, to recall more than an expression of unusual pallor and profound melancholy. The man had probably had eyes, nose, and mouth, features in no two men alike, and yet Ambrose, who had looked at him to the exclusion of everyone else, found himself unable to call to memory shape, size, or colour of any of these features. He was equally unable to call to mind the man's stature.

These things struck Ambrose the more that, so far was he from being a philosopher, that he lacked sufficient reasoning power to recognise that he had, unknown to himself, been drawing, while in the company of the prisoner, the parallel which in his absence he was now drawing. At end of his reflections he said, triumphantly:

"This is the man!"

"'Tis plain he is," the Spaniard answered.

He had not failed to see that Ambrose had

traced an important person. Then he asked quietly :

"What man?"

Ambrose was not at all unwilling to divulge the man's name.

"Richard Collings," he said, with no abatement of his animation.

There were Englishmen of that day whom the Spanish Colonial Government looked upon as imperilling its safety, but among the names of them as familiar to this Spaniard the name of Richard Collings did not figure. His face wore a look of courteous deference to what might be the superior information possessed by an Englishman in regard to dangerous persons of his nationality. Before Ambrose was able to enlighten him, an officer from the Government House was announced. He intimated that the nine Englishmen were to be kept prisoners till the Governor signified his further pleasure. Through the open door at which he stood, the nine men were visible. There were soldiers in charge of them, and, having delivered his message, the officer withdrew.

The captain turned to his deputy, and in an undertone asked him to indicate Richard Collings. Ambrose did so, and received orders to conduct the remaining eight prisoners to cells.

Richard Collings was brought before the captain.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE REPULSE.

THAT all things stand or fall according to their relation to other things, no one at this day needs to be told. It has been said that the face of the captain of the prison was cast in a melancholy mould, and the contrast between it and the face of Ambrose Gwinett has been insisted upon. The Spaniard and Ambrose, seen side by side, might have passed for very good impersonations of cheerlessness and cheerfulness; on the other hand, the Spaniard looked almost cheerful when brought into comparison with Richard Collings, and he who had cared to make a study of gloominess as it affects the physiognomy of a whole nation, and stark misery as it leaves its impress on the face of now and again an unit in humanity, would here have had scope to do so.

The Spaniard had the pensive, sombre look common with his dark-skinned and dark-tempered people, whereas the Englishman's expression was one which, mercifully, distinguishes no nation as a whole, and which, while seen in isolated cases all the world over, is perhaps met with less often on the faces of Englishmen than on the faces of men of other nationalities.

Except for this dissimilarity in their expressions, and an unlikeness of colouring which marked them, one of the fair and the other of the dark branch of the human family, these two men had much in common in their outward appearance. Both were below the average height, while the Englishman had the advantage

of the Spaniard by perhaps an inch. In each the features were oval and regular, the mouth was small, with thin lips, the nose long and straight. In the Englishman's light-brown hair, which deepened to red in his beard, there were flashes of silver, as in the Spaniard's black hair. Both men had frail nervous hands, which, however, both did not keep equally in evidence. A high distinction of character had set its mark on both, and made them contrast favourably with the rather ill-visaged soldiers, two in number, who mounted guard within the doorway.

The captain signed to the Englishman to take a seat, and said to him, gravely, what resolved itself into the platitude that he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Richard Collings. Richard Collings started, an action which caused an almost imperceptible turning of the captain's dark eyes in the direction of the doorkeepers, who, from standing each at a side of the door, moved to the front of it.

The Englishman resumed his seat, saying, as he did so, that it had not been his intention to make a rush for freedom, a remark which took some wittiness from the dry tone in which it was made. His name, he added, in a tone so nicely balanced between pride and humbleness as to leave his hearer in strong doubt as to its precise character, was one so little blown about the world that it had fallen upon him very unexpectedly from Spanish lips.

The Spaniard listened to this speech without the change of a muscle. At the end of it he said, stroking his beard :

"You play a losing game, sir."

The Englishman sighed heavily, and answered, with emotion :

"I have played a losing game, sir, all my life."

In the silence which followed upon these words, and in which the person to whom they had been addressed wore the vexed look which results when a remark of temporary application is treated as a generality, the Englishman asked, with unfeigned weariness of tone, that the favour shown to his fellow-prisoners might be extended to him, and the dungeon in which he was to pass his captivity be assigned to him without further delay.

"I have, sir," he ended passing his hands before his eyes, which, it was evident, began to draw straws, "a wonderful desire to sleep."

This did not at all fall in with the wishes of the man who saw in Richard Collings, not a person of prime importance upon the life of Ambrose Gwinett, but a danger to the power of Spain.

"I hope, sir," he said coldly, "you will not fall asleep before there comes hither he who sets an high price on you, a man of your country, but friend of Spain, who is well pleased that you be close prisoner. How now, sir, you tremble every joint! You are in great emotions!"

These closing exclamations had full justification. Richard Collings's feelings were strongly stirred, and he gave them bodily expression



after the manner of a time in which men apparently kept their emotions less under check than they do now. It was some moments before he regained power of speech; then he said, his voice still shaken with excitement:

"Trust me, sir, this fit I am fallen into is sheer happiness. I pray you put me before that Englishman with all speed possible. It is a dark story in which we two figure. God be praised he lives."

Some moments after this the door opened on Ambrose Gwinnett. Richard Collings looked at him narrowly, then withdrew his eyes from him as from one whom he had never seen.

"This, sir, is the Englishman," the captain of the prison said, meaningfully.

The remark was received with a bitter smile and a headshake. The Spaniard was annoyed, and showed his annoyance after the time-old continental manner.

"Why, sir," he was asked by the Englishman, "shrug you up your shoulders?"

The answer was given wrathfully:

"I grow out of all patience, sir, to see you one moment seized with a universal trembling, and the next—'tis nothing! 'tis nothing!"

"Indeed, sir," Richard Collings assented, "you say truth: 'tis nothing! This started-up Englishman—'tis, methinks, he that brought me hither—is not the man I looked to see."

"It is very particular," the Spaniard said grimly, "that you, sir, are certainly the Englishman he looked to see. His face discovers what yours conceals."

"His features, indeed, are in strong agitation," Richard Collings allowed, looking with frank surprise at the young man, whose face was working violently, and who now stepped forward, and said, in a tone of earnest entreaty:

"Oh, sir, disculpate me!"

With a body which prolonged illness had reduced to great weakness, and which the weariness consequent upon recent strain had filled with aches, Richard Collings possessed a mind of some staying power, and considerable sweetness of temper, but his patience was not proof against what he regarded as daring imposture, and he said irately:

"Disculpate thyself, young man. There is one who lives whom I shall disculpate, an God permit it, but thou art not he. Now clap thy hand upon thy breast, and look up to heaven no more, for the game is played out."

Ambrose, dismayed, drew back a step; then he turned to the captain, requesting a moment's conversation with him in private. The request was granted, and, standing outside the door with the Spaniard, Ambrose asked eagerly:

"Told he you aught of that which hath happened, sir? I am utterly confounded."

The captain smiled as he answered: "I faith, I am no less so, Ambrose. I told him there was one here of his country, who set an high price on him. Whereat he breathed short, and seemed to devour me with attention."

"So he well might, sir," Ambrose ejaculated, and added:

"Said he not aught?"

"He said but little," the captain replied, "for he was all over in a twitter."

"Was he so, sir?" Ambrose appeared to see in this a ray of comfort, and continued:

"Threw he out no expressions, then?"

"He did so, Ambrose. He spake of a dark story."

"Dark enough," Ambrose said mournfully, and added, with feeling:

"Sir, you affection me somewhat, as I think?"

"I do so, Ambrose," was answered heartily.

"Then do you, sir, sift him upon this subject, using some management."

"What subject?" was asked bluntly.

"It is a piece of exquisite villany that has been compassed through him, of which the circumstances are these."

"Hist!" the captain interposed; "I do not want the circumstances. Was this villany practised on only thee?"

"How mean you that, sir?"

How the captain meant that, he set forth with as much "management" as he could. The young Englishman was not hypersensitive, but he winced to learn that his patron and friend attached little importance to Richard Collings as found to be only a person of prime importance on the life of a fellow Englishman.

"Have I your leave, sir, to question him?" he asked, in a slightly crestfallen tone.

"You have," was answered gravely, "wherefore return to him. I ask not to be present."

Whether indifference or kindness underlay these last words, it was impossible to judge from the tone. Ambrose Gwinnett construed them as the outcome of kindness, and said warmly:

"I have no reserves to you, sir."

So saying, he opened the door, and stood back to admit the Spaniard.

Richard Collings looked up with the expression of one who has primed himself for an ordeal. This young Englishman was plainly bent on annoying him.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

SO far was Ambrose Gwinnett from desiring to annoy Richard Collings that he approached that person with the highest deference, and, taking up his stand before him, waited, lest it should please him to speak first. It did not please Richard Collings to do this, whereupon the young man said, very civilly:

"I entreat, sir, that you would look me in the face."

The person addressed, who had been holding his eyes level, lifted them to the high head of the young man, and, as requested, let them rest upon his face. It has already been said here that this face was a comely one, ruddy in colour and round in form, with clustering curls of gold on the forehead and a dash of gold on the upper lip, with light in the open, honest eyes, and all things good in the shapely mouth.

Richard Collings was as sad a man as lived, but he was not so inaccessible to pleasure as to feel no uplifting of his heart as he looked up into Ambrose Gwinnett's face. He smiled a little whimsically, and said, in the words of King David :

"Solomon, my son, is young."



RICHARD COLLINGS.

The quotation somewhat tried the temper of the youth who had called it forth, and he said, artlessly enough :

"I was younger, sir, three years ago."

"'Tis possible," Richard Collings conceded, and added, "What age are you now of?"

"I am twenty years old, sir," Ambrose answered. "Of what age," he then asked, "is he you look to disculpate?"

"I judge, sir, of forty years," Richard Collings replied.

Ambrose coloured hotly.

"You say this to flout me!" he cried.

"What cause have you to flout me?"

"I flout you not, sir; it seems that you flout me," was the response which this met. "What is the matter now?" Richard Collings added.

"Matter enough!" Ambrose replied, stamping his foot in vehement indignation, and giving, very unnecessarily, the explanation of his act :

"I burst with anger!"

"I fear you do, sir," Richard Collings said gravely. "You are in the height of passion, sure enough."

This was not mollifying, and Ambrose was not mollified by it, but he forced himself to speak quietly, and, putting his hand on Richard Collings's shoulder, said solemnly :

"Sir, was you ever at Deal?"

This speech worked a great change in the face of Richard Collings, bringing a strong rush of colour to it. He staggered for a moment, then steadied himself with an effort, and, in his turn, placed his hand on the young man's shoulder. His eyes had filled with tears. He said nothing.

All these phenomena were the usual accompaniments of emotions in men and women when the word "sensible" had a meaning which it has since lost. Ambrose Gwinnett waited respectfully for his countryman to regain in some measure his composure; then he said, making what he erroneously deemed a very gentle approach to a difficult subject :

"Sir, if you are the man I take you for, you here see one of the most unfortunate of mankind. Pray, is your name not Mr. Richard Collings?"

An affirmative nod gave the all of answer that Richard Collings vouchsafed to this question. An Englishman loses everything before he loses his sense of humour, and from the wreck of his happiness this Englishman had carried away that best of all possessions. He looked at the self-styled "unfortunate" with a large smile, and said :

"I protest, sir, the willow becomes you."

"I protest, sir," Ambrose Gwinnett retorted angrily, "that you are the last man in the world who should rally me, for I was hanged and gibbeted on your account in England."

The men had gone apart as this was said, and Richard Collings now looked very earnestly into Ambrose Gwinnett's face. From his speech he judged the young man to be plainly mad, and he decided to adopt towards him the course which is universally recommended to those having dealings with the mentally afflicted. He said quietly :

"It is a new thing for the hanged and gibbeted to live to tell their tale. Pray you, sir, give me a circumstantial account of everything that happened to you, using no bombast and no similes."

"I will do so, sir," Ambrose said, "and first I will make solemn asseveration in the most serious manner that I speak truth."

With this prelude, Ambrose Gwinnett told his story. In the course of it he had the satisfaction of seeing the half-mocking expression on the face of his listener give way to one of earnest attention, this expression in its turn passing into one of great distress. At the end of the story Richard Collings said warmly :

"You have used no flowers or unnecessary descriptions, young man, and I must credit what you say, though your relation is the strangest that was ever made to me. When you came to the circumstance of your being hanged and afterwards hung in chains, I was like to give no credit to you at the first, but I

saw from your face that you spake truth. My sorrow, that was great, is made greater, for this is a new affliction that I knew not of. When I shall be set free, it will be my first business to disculpate you. I have no wish to live, but to do this, and find out him who is the other accounted my murderer."

"Who, sir, is he?" Ambrose asked.

"Alack! I know not his name," was answered.

A silence ensued, in which Ambrose wore a perplexed and dismayed expression. This phenomenon of a man who had brought upon two other men, with both of whom his intercourse had been manifestly of the most passing nature, the imputation of murder, fairly appalled him. Catching his breath, he put a question, the naïveté of which was characteristic of his simple nature, while the homeliness of its wording belonged to the time.

"How, sir," he said, "have you this skill to die and live again, for you was bloodily murdered at the Nag's Head Inn at Deal?"

The matter more than the manner of this question for a moment so took Richard Collings aback that he was unable to speak. He then said, looking with the saddest smile at his simple-hearted and simple-spoken young countryman,

"That is a strange history, which, with the Spanish captain's leave, I will tell you."

At this point the two men for the first time in their long colloquy looked in the direction of the Spaniard. It has been the mark of Englishmen of all times to carry their island about with them, with the result that they are able in any place to insulate themselves as completely as if the four waters that wash their native land were about them. These two men had up to this point as wholly forgotten Spain and the Spanish captain as if, instead of being, one of them prisoner of the captain, and the other his deputy, they had been talking together as free men in their English home. Such compunction as they may have felt upon suddenly themselves realising this, was allayed by the spectacle which the Spanish captain presented. The extraordinary story which had been unfolded in the course of the Englishmen's duologue had affected him as the harrowing narrative of Mazeppa, if we are to believe an English poet, affected Charles the Twelfth. He was fast asleep.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE DIFFUSE STORY-TELLER.

AS soon as the two Englishmen had recovered from the shock of surprise which it caused them to discover that the Spaniard had become as oblivious of their presence as they had become of his, Ambrose Gwinett said, with perhaps just a touch of self-importance,

"Tell now your strange story, sir. I am the captain's deputy."

Richard Collings did not look quite confident.

"Have, sir, no fear," Ambrose said, laughing: "He sleeps upon both ears."

The other, thus encouraged to proceed, forthwith embarked on the narrative which follows. He might have brought it to a close sooner, if he had not proceeded on the plan of those who aim at fulness rather than brevity, and who cannot tell a tale without "oft moralising sage."

"I must first tell you," he began, "wherefore you found me that night at the Nag's Head Inn. I had ever a liking for Master Murlin, a person of known truth and integrity, and you are become aware that Mistress Murlin is my niece. A good-natured, notable woman I ever found Grissel, and is so, I am told, when she has not a nettle in her nose."

Ambrose Gwinett preserved a charitable silence. He had seen Grissel Murlin with a nettle in her nose. She might be notable enough, but he had not found her good-natured. He was himself so extraordinarily magnanimous that he did not now desire to be the cause of her losing a legacy. This led him to preserve silence. Richard Collings, who was eyeing him narrowly, added:

"Belike you have a kindlier remembrance of my niece Cicely, who from a little prating girl I looked to find run up to a woman, but was still a pignie, with no more knowledge of life than of geography. 'What, maid,' say I to her one day, 'is an island?' Whereto the answer she gives me: 'Tis, sir, a part of the sea that is not wet.' The most pretty answer that ever I heard."

Mr. Collings, it was evident, was not for the higher education of women. He retailed this story with strong relish. Ambrose, whose brain was not of the quickest, did not see at once the bull involved in the answer, howbeit he smiled sapiently, feeling that a smile was expected, and accustomed, since attaining manhood, to join in sapient smiles when women were under discussion, a habit which women did not resent in days when they had the finer brain which goes with finer temper. For the rest, he allowed that he had a very kindly remembrance of Cicely. He did not do so in words, but by flushing very hotly and looking very happy. The reason of this was that, as her uncle spoke of the childish-looking girl, there flitted before his mental vision the picture of a little person standing with hands held up in pray-pray fashion. It was that Cicely who had cried, "Pray, sirs, forgive him!"

"You are fallen into an ecstasy"—these words, said in a vexed tone, brought Ambrose back to a sense of the present; "an you care not"—this was added in high pique—"to hear my tale, pray you, say so."

An abject apology was offered, and the telling of the tale was resumed.

"It was not Grissel nor Cicely who held me at Deal that September of 1709. 'Twas a lively hope I had to meet there again a man who jeopardised his life to save me, and is accounted my murderer."

Here a pause was made for the regulation question, which was duly put,

"How, sir, came that?"



"With your leave, I shall tell you. First, you must know that I have indeed high skill to live, for when I was a little more than two years old, my sister, going one night on an errand with me in her arms, let me fall into a deep window, where there was a quantity of broken glass and other rubbish. Close to the bottom of the window ran a rapid stream. The night being dark, and I not making the least noise, she thought I was carried down the stream and lost. However, she brought a candle and found me lying across a stick that was in the window, which prevented my falling into the stream."

"Truly, a miraculous escape, sir," was Ambrose's comment on this very singular bit of narration, to which he had listened with a stricken face, in part, it is kindly to suppose, the result of sympathy, in part, it is equally unavoidable to suspect, the result of dismay that Richard Collings should hark back to the time when he had been two years old.

"And now I shall tell you another story," the narrator resumed. "When I was about eight years old a horse kicked me so violently on my thigh that I fell to the ground, and yet I received no material harm; and you are to know that about the same time I fell from an high wall, but was not much hurt. When ten or eleven years old"—Richard Collings was speeding through the years with a laudable quickness, and Ambrose Gwinett listened to him with amazement touched by gratitude—"I was thrown from a horse in full gallop, but received no harm. When I was about thirteen—*Spake you, sir?*"

"No, sir, I spake not," Ambrose replied, with something which was remotely like a groan.

"When I was about thirteen, coming one day from a review, the place was thronged with horses and carriages, and a man in a chaise called me from the other side of the road to speak to him. While I stood talking with him a horse in full gallop darted against me with his shoulder, knocked me down in an instant, went over me, and left me sprawling on the ground, but, through the interposition of Providence, I was only stunned a little."

"I am glad of it, sir," Ambrose said, less because his heart really rejoiced than because it was the courtly custom of the time to break in upon distressing narrative with sympathetic comment. If the truth is to be told of Ambrose, he had ceased to follow Mr. Collings word for word in his recital, this for the reason that he was giving to him an automatic rather than volitional attention. Without any effort of his will, he could not help hearing Mr. Collings's voice, and, once in a while, as towards the end of this long period, he pulled himself up, with the result that he was able to throw in an apposite comment. For the rest, events were to show that it is sometimes worth while to listen patiently to a prolix narrative.

Mr. Collings's reminiscences were by no means at an end. "Next I shall tell you," he resumed, "that when I was fourteen years old,

in a quarrel that I had with my sister she snatched a large pair of shears and threw them at me. 'I am undone, to be sure, now,' was my thought, but was not so, for though she was not more than two yards from me, Heaven so guided those shears that, instead of darting into my body, they only went into my coat, and hung there."

Ambrose Gwinett, whose vocabulary was small—he had not mastered oratory any more than he had mastered the dead languages, almost all his having in which was a knowledge of the Latin for candle—went back to his first comment—"Truly a miraculous escape, sir," and listened with a courtesy which is beyond all praise to Richard Collings's next narration to the effect that in the same year he angered a young man who drew out a knife to kill him, but several persons, being by, got about him, threw him down, and wrested the knife out of his hand.

"So I grew to a man amid divers perils, sir."

These words fell upon Ambrose's ears like music, for he judged from them that Richard Collings was at an end with reminiscences of his early life. He was not quite right in this matter. After the leisurely manner of old age when young age hurried less, Richard Collings went on:

"You are to know I am a merchant by my calling. I was not born of parents in affluent circumstances, an heir to property, but when young I was put apprentice in London, and was so nimble in my motions, opening goods and the like, and, in making my bargain, of words and address so pleasing, that after some time customers rather chose to deal with me than with my master, and if a bargain stuck between a customer and my master—a most nice and difficult matter—I would decide the difference to the liking of both."

This style of self-depicting was not deemed vainglorious in the early eighteenth century, when men were nearer to the classic days, the characteristic feature of which was not a grovelling humility. Ambrose would have approved of fewer digressions, but, apart from the fact that the time was one at which conversation was not considered a thing to be marched through at a quickstep, he knew well that it was not for him to give directions to his senior, wherefore he summoned to his face a look which spared him the task of actually speaking, since it said with fair eloquence that he warmly appreciated the shining virtues and talents of this sometime London apprentice.

"So soon as I was made free," Richard Collings proceeded, "I began to trade for myself, though my first stock was but about one hundred pounds. By the opinion I had raised of myself among merchants and others, and the love I had gained among a great number of acquaintance, I overcame the difficulties of so weak a beginning, so that in my twenty-first year I married a citizen's daughter with five hundred pounds."

Ambrose was the least worldly person imaginable, but was not so independent of custom as to refrain from congratulating Mr. Collings on this alliance.

"From my first setting up for myself," the merchant continued, "I would be acquainted with all persons that seemed to be worthy, foreigners as well as English. I seldom dined without some such at my table, which, though somewhat chargeable, was of great use to me afterwards; for out of my large acquaintance I engaged the powerful interest of some, and the weighty purses of others, in my great designs. I was worth about nine thousand pounds—you are to remember that this estate, which is still in England, was raised from a beginning of one hundred pounds in the ordinary way of trade—when I set out, in my declining age, to accumulate yet more riches. This I have done in large bags of money and boxes of treasure, which have more than once brought me near to death."

Ambrose again drew happy breath. Richard Collings seemed coming to the point at last. He gave him the usual help on the way, saying eagerly,

"How, sir, came that?"

"Once 'twas on the high seas in a storm. The vessel was tossed about like a cork, and the sea dashed over it with dreadful violence, while the waves, beating against her sides, made a noise like the report of a cannon. Most in the ship were much terrified, and many prayed. At last a great wave dashed with such fury against the sides of the ship, that I expected it would be beat in. The fear of death now laid hold upon me, and, hearkening how loud the wind blowed, my conscience whipped me, and I thought it was time for me also to pray. I therefore crept on my knees into a dark corner, and uttered my petitions. Not that, young man, I had been any way outrageous in wickedness, or was more than common spotted with corruptions in my heart and life."

"I am sure you was not, sir," Ambrose said, courteously, if a little dreamily. The long narrative of Mr. Collings was beginning to have a soporific effect on him. That person was himself so interested in it that he went on, almost before Ambrose had ceased speaking.

"Here, praying, I was found by four hardened mariners, who were highly diverted at my distress, the more that I had by me, jealously guarded, a large sum of money. They took counsel to get it from me, and at last resolved to throw me into the boiling sea. There was one of them only who opposed this, and, as I am since informed, he goes still under the imputation of being my murderer."

Ambrose, who, when Richard Collings had embarked upon the history of a shipwreck, had felt a new sinking at the heart—what he eagerly desired to know being the truth about that fatal night at Deal—now pricked his ears. His doing so was not noticed by the story-teller, who had lapsed into that mental state in which

the thing which is not present is seen, to the exclusion of the thing present. Only when the young man rose and began to pace the room, with his head held between his hands, did Richard Collings notice him, and, mistaking the cause of his demeanour, he said apologetically:

"I see, young man, you grow impatient, and think it a tedious fault in me to draw my story into this great length and minute particulars, but I tell you my adventures that you may compare them together, and see in them the comment to one another."

"I do, sir, verily," Ambrose answered, with unmistakable sincerity. "How did this man, sir," he added, "contrive to save you?"

"He did not save me," was answered. "I was thrown into the sea in his despite, and the sea threw me upon a rock, where I was left as near death as ever man was, with cold, weakness, perturbation of mind, and the incommodiousness of the station I occupied. Be sure, sir, it was not the wish to live which made me then not precipitate myself from the cliff where I was, for I had liked full as well to be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath, or, falling into the surge, to perish in the waves, as to be there. My mind was strongly persuaded to believe that I had escaped death from drowning to meet death from hunger. I had travelled half the world over to swell my fortune, and was to die for lack of hanged beef, bread, and potatoes."

"But you died not, sir," Ambrose interposed. Comment on the obvious formed the main part of his stock in conversation, and was a part of eloquence less despised two hundred years ago than it is now.

"No, I died not," Mr. Collings assented gravely, "for a ship that passed picked me up. This was a Spanish ship, which a little after was taken by an Algerine rover, the greatest part of the crew being killed, and the rest being taken prisoners, and used with great ungentleness. Among these I was one."

"What, sir, now happened to you?" Ambrose asked, resigning himself with a grace to the inevitable—a narrative of what now happened to Richard Collings.

"I passed a long and painful slavery in Algiers," was answered, "where, if I should tell you all that happened, you would, I believe, think my relation smelled strongly of fable. At last, with other English captives, I was released by agreement between the Dey of Algiers and Her Britannic Majesty. In the year 1709 I returned to England. The first thing I did was to inquire after my relations, but they who were nearest to me, my wife and son, were dead. My son had died of a pleurisy, my wife of a broken heart. By the sorrow I had of this, and my hardships past, my disorder increased every day, medicine had no effect, and I was become so enfeebled that I feared to die in the house of my niece Grissel, for I took up my sojourn there to be in Deal, where, from the little talk I had with that mariner who



sought to save my life, he had his home, and meant, he told me, being tired of the sea, to set up in another profession, this journey made."

Ambrose was breathing hard with suppressed excitement. He said now, forcing himself to speak calmly,

"I doubt not, sir, you could describe the man's person."

Richard Collings smiled.

"I could do so, I think, sir," he said, "for I have a gift to notice men's persons, which have always somewhat characteristic. The mariner I spoke of was of middle size, his complexion fair and bright, with brown hair; his aspect, when cheerful, the most engaging imaginable, and when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable."

"Was not his name, sir, James Sawyer?" Ambrose exclaimed, forgetting that Richard Collings had already informed him that he knew not his would-be rescuer's name, and breaking in upon a description of the mariner, which, long as it had been, was to have been much longer.

"I know not his name," Richard Collings replied, in no wise aggrieved, because he had himself forgotten that Ambrose Gwinett had already been informed of this fact, "but this adventure, which was the first and last of my acquaintance with him, happened off St. Helen's."

"'Tis he, 'tis my sister's husband!" Ambrose almost shouted; then, moderating his voice, he added, with fine ingenuousness, "This is now two of my family, sir. I protest your return to England is become an affair of the first importance. Alack!"—his face fell—"an they do by you as they did by me, they will clap you under lock and key for three years."

"This will they not do," Richard Collings answered quietly. "I have some Spanish, and heard them say at the Government House that we in ten days should be put on board a transport to be conveyed to Pennsylvania, and thence to England. I must here make an end of speaking, for the growing uneasiness of my distemper makes me good for nothing."

Richard Collings at this point put his hand to his side, with the gesture of one in great pain.

"What ails you, sir?" Ambrose asked.

"An old disorder," was answered wearily, and the speaker added, between gasps—"so violent a pain in my side that it is with the utmost difficulty I draw breath."

"This is an asthma, sir, or a consumption," Ambrose Gwinett said, with deep concern. "Is there naught you can apply to your side?"

Richard Collings shook his head.

"A brimstone plaster would bring some relief," he said; "but we are not in England."

The Spanish captain here opened his eyes.

"You can have a brimstone plaster in Spanish Florida, sir," he said quietly.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE waking of the Spanish captain for some inexplicable reason took the two Englishmen just as much by surprise as his sleeping had done, but the amazement caused by both these proceedings on the Spaniard's part—proceedings, neither of them, after all, outside the course of nature—was as nothing compared with the surprise excited by his announcement that a brimstone plaster was to be had in Spanish Florida as well as in England. While the two Englishmen were still in the uttermost wonderment at this thing, the captain said to the elder of them:

"I will ask you now to accept my escort to your cell, sir."

With these words, he signed to the sentinels, who took up their stand, one on either side of Richard Collings. The captain then took the van of him and his deputy the rear, and thus Richard Collings was conducted to the lodging which was to be his for the next ten days.

"You have a finer lodging in England, I make no doubt, sir," the Spaniard said.

"I have a chamber polite and clean," the Englishman replied, the coldness of his tone contrasting with the exquisiteness of the idiom which he employed; "but, sooth, sir," he added, with still his hand to his side, "I am so indifferent in my health that I find comfort nowhere."

Ambrose's glance was intently fixed on his countryman, and when, some ten minutes later, he was again under four eyes with his superior, he said eagerly:

"Sir, will this man live a year?"

"I think it," the captain answered gravely, "though death has touched him in many parts. Why, Ambrose," he added, with something that was oddly like disappointment in his voice, "gathered you not from him that which shall disculpate you of nearly killing him that night in Deal?"

"You heard then, sir, our discourse!" Ambrose exclaimed. "When I looked at you your eyes were shut."

"It may well be," the Spaniard allowed, and added, with what, like Mercutio's wit, was a very bitter sweetening, "I open my ears when I will hear."

Ambrose Gwinett had not lived to the age of twenty years without finding out that people do not hear through open eyes, howbeit there was an aspect belonging to the action of the Spaniard which he could not away with, wherefore he said, with something of constraint in his tone:

"I am at a full stand, sir. Your pardon a moment."

The captain courteously signified that the lapse was condoned, and was himself the first to break the silence which followed, by good-naturedly putting the young Englishman in the possession of ways and means to provide his countryman with a brimstone plaster. He recommended that the remedy should be applied

without delay, and gave Ambrose to understand that he himself would be glad to learn at second-hand the solution of the Deal mystery. He counselled the youth not to be put off a second time with the narration of circumstances which in no wise had bearing upon his case. "It was on my tongue a dozen times," he said, "to cry out, 'How long will you go round the bush and round the bush? Come to the matter, man!'"

"With your leave, sir, there you were wrong," Ambrose interposed, with a diffidence of facial expression, which made good the temerity in the words. "There were circumstances in Mr. Collings's narrative which bore not upon my case, but, had I not given him my attention to the close, I had mayhap missed the story of the adventure off St. Helen's, which has an intimate connection with me."

Ambrose here acquainted his friend with what had been his suspicions in regard to the good man who was his brother-in-law, and dwelt contritely on his conduct towards him when his guest. "Now is he cleared," he wound up, "and I have no longer this sorrow to think my sister's husband is a murderer."

"It is undoubtedly pleasing," the Spaniard said, "to find the innocence of your sister's husband proven, Ambrose; but let me now heartily recommend that you shall possess yourself of that which shall set clear your own entire innocence, for there was foul play that night, by your own showing."

"There was, sir," Ambrose admitted unhesitatingly, "and you shall know what happened that night when I know."

With these words he left the Spaniard.

Half-an-hour later he was again with the Englishman, who, with the agreeable sensation of a small furnace at his side, the result of the application of the brimstone, without waiting for a request to this effect to be made, took up the thread of his story where he had dropped it.

"I have told you," Richard Collings said, "how there fell the blame on a good man of Deal to be my murderer. It rests for me to tell you how there came a like mischance to an honest youth of Canterbury. The night you left me in bed, having gone in search of my box, I waked with an oppression I could not account for. Finding myself exceedingly sick and weak, I groaned and sighed, and thought myself going to die, when, accidentally putting my hand to my left arm, in which I had been bled the morning before, I found the bandage having slipped—*Why, sir, look you like that?*"

Ambrose's answer came in a conscience-stricken tone.

"Do you mind, sir," he said, "that you carried me that night to bed?"

Richard Collings smiled, as he answered in the affirmative; then continued:

"The orifice was opened, and a great flux of blood ensued. This immediately accounted for the condition I found myself in. I thought, however, I would not disturb the family, which had gone to bed very late. I therefore got up,

with my nightgown loose about me, in order to go to the man who had bled me, to have my arm tied up again. When I got into the street a band of men, armed with cutlasses and hangers, came and seized me, and hurried me to the beach. They soon silenced my cries by clapping a gag in my mouth."

"You were fallen into the hands of a press-gang, sir?"

Richard Collings shook his head. "At first I took them for that," he said, "but I soon found they were a gang belonging to a privateer, aboard which they immediately hurried me. Before I got there loss of blood occasioned me to faint away. The surgeon of the ship, I suppose, tied up my arm; for, when my senses returned, I found myself in a hammock, and somebody feeling my pulse."

"Was the vessel then under weigh, sir?" Ambrose queried.

"It was."

Ambrose's face wore a deeply thoughtful look.

"Thus," he said, "is the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which condemned me are accounted for consistently with my innocence. Sure, sir, the humane will agree that in such cases even improbabilities ought to be admitted rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent."

This stately phrasing did not cause the surprise to Richard Collings which it may cause to persons of a time in which young spirits are less serene, and even the language of the old lacks this high calm. He expressed his agreement with Ambrose Gwinett's proposition, and, resuming his story, said:

"Finding that we were under weigh, I asked where we were. 'On open sea,' was answered, 'and safe enough.' I immediately called for my nightgown, for they had put me in a garment of poor shifting. This they brought me, but of a considerable sum of money that was in the pocket I could get no account. I complained to the captain of the robbery his men had committed, but he laughed, and said I should soon have prize-money enough; so I was obliged to submit, and for three weeks was forced to work before the mast. I had other adventures, with the relation of which I will not weary you."

This was said with gaze full on Ambrose's face, which wore, in accordance with the notions of breeding obtaining at the time, a look neither of jubilation nor of protest, being that look for which there is no distinctive name, for the very adequate reason that it has no distinctive character. It is thought at this day to sit well on the faces of queens and kings, and it was thought in Ambrose Gwinett's day to sit well on the face of a commoner. Richard Collings took it as a polite indication that the withholding of the description of his further adventures would not distress his young countryman; accordingly, he brought his narration to a prompt close, saying,

"At last we met the same fate that you did, sailing into these waters."

"I think, sir," Ambrose said, "you will be glad when at home in England."

"I think, sir, no one will be gladder," Richard Collings replied, "unless it be my niece Grissel, who made the much ado to get you hanged." He paused; his humour had to himself the warm, pungent taste of cress, and he relished it. "I must conclude," he added, after a while, "my niece Grissel loves me tenderly."

Ambrose Gwinett still preserved silence. His feeling was that Mr. Collings's niece did not love him very tenderly, and would be somewhat put out of countenance when he appeared on the scene with the person who had been hanged at her doorfront as charged by her with his murder. He might just as well have said this in so many words, as have met Richard Collings's keen glance with this in so many symbols written upon his face, but he had acquired that measure of caution which leads a man to put a curb on his speech, and not that measure of caution which teaches him to control his face. Richard Collings looked at him with a half smile, then said slowly:

"What will your master, the Spanish captain, say that you now want your liberty? Will he not, think you, dissuade you from your resolution to leave him?"

"I believe not, sir," Ambrose answered, "for this will give him the opportunity of giving the office I hold to a kinsman, who desires it, though little good goes with it."

"How mean you that?" was asked gravely by the man, who had gravely received information tantamount to the statement that the Spanish captain recognised obligations other than his own pleasure in regard to the young Englishman whom he had set in so high a place.

"Why, sir, the night I deliver up my trust 'tis as like as not that pirates may seize the young man while he is locking up the wards, take the keys from him, and leave him dead."

"They did not this by you," Richard Collings said, in dry protest.

"No, sir," Ambrose allowed, "but Providence has been remarkably gracious to me in all the particulars of my life."

This speech, coming from a young man whose life of twenty years had embraced such particulars as some of those which had marked the life of Ambrose, almost surprised Richard Collings into smiling, but he was good enough a man to remain very grave. Ambrose, with a lightened heart, departed, determined to let his benefactor know forthwith that he was now as desirous to leave Florida as he had before been desirous to remain there.

Things had taken a new turn. He would not now be in England the Queen's serf.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—THE TASTE OF FISH BROTH.

RICHARD COLLINGS had taken very correctly the measure of the Spanish captain when he had implied that this person would not embrace with delight the

opportunity which Ambrose Gwinett afforded him of giving to another the office of deputy.

The parting between the Spaniard and the young Englishman was attended by no great display of emotion, but it was felt keenly on the side of the Spaniard, who had not taken so phenomenal a step as was the appointment of the Englishman as his deputy from a little, but rather from a very large liking of him. In fact, there was not a sorrowfuller father in Spanish Florida on November 18 of the year 1712 than the man who had come to regard Ambrose Gwinett as his son, and who watched his trunk being sent on board the *Nostra Senora*, bound for Pennsylvania.

It wanted yet an hour of the time at which the *Nostra Senora* was to sail. Meanwhile, Ambrose Gwinett was partaking of a supper at which he was entertained by his successor-to-be and a number of that person's friends, a company which he was in turn entertaining with an account of his life and adventures, given in what he himself regarded as his fine Spanish. The feast was brought to a close with a toast to England's queen, proposed by Ambrose, and good-humouredly honoured by all the company, when a lad arrived with news that a boat was waiting for the last passenger who had sent his box on board the *Nostra Senora*, and that Mr. Collings, who was of the persons in this boat, urged despatch.

Ambrose made what haste he could to the quay, but he arrived there only to find that the boat had put off, leaving word that he was to overtake it at a little bay. A hearty supper does not put wings to the feet, and Ambrose, running along the shore, felt that his feet had never served him to less good purpose. His voice, too, had lost its ringing clearness, and the halloos sent by him after the boat, which he sighted in the distance, met with no answer. Exhausted and disheartened, he threw up his arms with a last despairing gesture, then stood looking out to sea.

Apparently he had attracted notice. The boat put about, and he was hurriedly taken on board. When about fifty yards from land he began to look about him for Richard Collings. He was not here.

A question as to the meaning of this was at once addressed by Ambrose Gwinett to the man next him, and was answered by a burst of laughter and the announcement, made in plain English, that the speaker was an Englishman. A nearer look at him and at his companions made very clear that they were pirates.

While Ambrose was struggling with the dismay which this discovery caused him, the boat's crew rose to a man, and, at the grave risk of upsetting their small craft in the rough sea, bowed with portentous courtesy to the ex-deputy captain. One of them then dealt Ambrose a blow on the head which laid him senseless. A dispute forthwith arose as to what was to be done with him, and the voices had run as high as the waves were running when Ambrose recovered consciousness, and vaguely gathered



that one-half of the crew was for giving him the finishing stroke before throwing him overboard, while the other half was for throwing him alive to the sea, and watching him made the sport of the waves.



"HOW LIKED YOU YOUR TRIP TO ENGLAND?" SAID THE SPANISH CAPTAIN.

The sporting idea carried the day, and Ambrose Gwinett was sent full tilt over the side of the boat. The sight of his agonised face rising twice—thrice—over the billows of an overwhelming sea richly delighted a body of men whom their calling of sailors debarred from the pleasures of riding to hounds, and when at last Ambrose disappeared among devouring waves full satisfaction was experienced.

Meanwhile he had not seen the last of life. He was carried over the white-topped waves about the boat, and plunged into the black hollow beyond, where, struggling desperately, he managed at intervals to get his head above water, and even to catch glimpses of what was about and above him, a rolling sea and a rolling sky.

Another might have given up the fight, but Ambrose Gwinett had not come off alive from two hangings to make no fight for life now. He did not look for a spar, or cry for a rope, but he struck out with might and main, and was sweeping along at what looked like the rate of fifteen knots an hour, when an event occurred which caused much less surprise to him than it will cause to some others.

He saw not far ahead of him a boat.

To swim after this boat and lay his hand upon the gunwale was the work of a few moments. What happened after this remained unknown to Ambrose. It appeared to him that he was struck on the head a second time, whereas in reality the Spanish sailors hauled him into their craft with all possible gentleness, and his losing of consciousness when in it was entirely the result of mental reaction. He fell into a sleep from which he did not wake for many hours. When he did regain consciousness, it was to find himself in bed in familiar quarters on land, with the Spanish captain by his bedside.

"Well," that person asked, "how liked you your trip to England, Ambrose?"

In so far as Ambrose's journey could be called a trip to England, and it could be called this in a

truer sense than the Spanish captain wot of, it had not been very delighting, but the inextinguishable patriotism which made Ambrose cling to the country where he had hung from a gallows and a gibbet, would not let him think less lovingly of it because of his last experience with its natives. A fine pride caused him to make the best of the said experience, and being forced to allow that he had got into the wrong boat, and had been found the one too many there, he added jauntily that he had had a taste of fish-broth, and rather implied that he had enjoyed it. For the rest, he determined that the next ship bound for Pennsylvania should count him among her passengers.

## THE RANEE.

"I AM greatly honoured that you should wish to ally yourself with my family," said the Rajah of Khetri, bowing with courteous grace.

"The honour will be entirely on my side, your Highness," said the fat old Rajah of Johdpore, wagging his double chin. "There is not a man in Rajputana, not the Maharajah of Jeypore himself, to whom I would sooner give my daughter than to you."

The two Rajahs sat side by side on two cane armchairs in a room of the Johdpore Palace, which boasted no other furniture except a white sheet stretched upon the floor. Behind them, at a respectful distance, a group of their attendants squatted on the floor. The Rajah of Khetri was a remarkably handsome man of thirty, with a clear brown skin, and straight features, and large languorous black eyes; he had a tall and graceful figure, which was shown to advantage by his long well-fitting white cloth coat. There was a smile lurking in the depths of his dark eyes and behind his silky black moustache. He was thinking of the gossip he had heard in his own zenana, that Johdpore's daughter had seen him one day from a window when he came to shoot with her father, and had straightway fallen in love with him, and persuaded her father to offer her to him in marriage.

"My daughter is very fair and beautiful," said old Johdpore, seeing his neighbour still sat silent. "She is also very accomplished. She can sing and play the zither, and she has been taught to read and write."

"I am sure she is everything that is charming," said he of Khetri, courteously. "I have always heard her beauty most highly praised. I shall be most happy to receive her at your hands for my wife."

"This is a joyful day for me and my house," said the old Rajah. "I think your Highness has only one Ranee at present?"

"You are rightly informed, Rajah. I have but one Ranee at present."

The old man knew his chosen son-in-law had no son to succeed him, so he forebore to ask any more questions, and sat and beamed in silence on his young companion.

"Doubtless your Highness intends to bestow some dowry on your fair daughter, although her charms are in themselves a rich fortune. For myself I would ask nothing more; but we have to consider our State and the wishes of our people."

"Certainly my Bai will have a dowry," the Johdpore Rajah answered, shooting a keen glance at his neighbour. "It will perhaps be well that we consult with our advisers on this

matter." He turned and said a few words to the attendants behind him. Two or three rose and left the room, and presently the ten or twelve Councillors of the two States came filing in with dignified salaams, followed by servants carrying chairs, and presently they were seated in a half-circle on either side of the two Rajahs. Grave and reverend signiors all. There was not one amongst them who could read or write his own language or sign his name; but they were, nevertheless, astute and capable councillors of their respective chiefs. Then followed many compliments, and much flattery on both sides, before they settled down to a long and keen bargaining, in which the Rajahs took no part, as to how many villages and how much revenue Johdpore's only daughter should bring in her hand when she went to her new lord's palace.

Meanwhile, in the close seclusion of her zenana in another part of the palace, the bride-elect sat among her maidens.

In a large and pretty room, coloured a pale green, with many slender pillars and delicate arches, with the whole front open to a sunny sanded court, a wide and thick mattress was spread upon a carpet on the floor, with a huge bolster at one end of it; here the spoilt darling of the zenana reclined, upon her guddi. A swarthy girl of fifteen, with, if one may say so of a Rajah's daughter, a plain face and awkward squat figure. She was listening now, with a self-conscious smile on her thick lips, to the praises of the young Rajah of Khetri. Her women sat about round the edge of the guddi, all talking together at the pitch of their high shrill voices, telling her how handsome was the bridegroom-elect, how large and dark his eyes, how straight and tall his form; what a good hunter he was, how brave and manly.

"But I shall not be first Ranee," she said at last with a pout.

"The first Ranee has no children, Andata. And with your beauty and your talents you will ever reign the first in the heart of your husband."

"Bring out the book and see if I shall have any children, Noki Bai," commanded the young Princess.

One of the women rose and brought a ponderous volume from an inner room and laid it at her young mistress' feet. With a lazy hand Bai Sahib opened it and signed to one of the attendants to read what was written on the open page. As her wily old father said, Bai Sahib had been taught reading and writing, but he forebore to mention that she had never been able to acquire either of those difficult arts.

One of the maids read aloud a sonorous verse



of Hindi, and another proceeded to interpret its meaning.

Bai Sahib would bring two beautiful sons to the State that was lucky enough to have her for its Ranee, and she should have never a daughter to be an expense and a reproach in the household.

"Look now and see whether the Rajah will always love me, and never want to take another wife." And she turned over the pages of the book amidst a chorus of the women.

"Could any man fail to love for ever so beautiful and amiable a Princess?"

"There is no woman so beautiful and so beloved in the whole of Rajputana as you, Andata."

"He who has once beheld you will never want to look on another woman." They fed her with the flattery that had been her food every day of her short life.

The reading woman read a verse and the prophet again interpreted, promising all pleasant things to the vain young Princess.

"Give me a betel," said the Princess, yawning, and kicking away the book with her foot. One of the women leaned over the guddi, taking care not to touch it, and reached out for a chased silver box that lay near her mistress' hand; opening it, she took out a folded betel leaf pinned together with a clove and filled with spices and broken fragments of betel nut. This she gave Bai Sahib, who put it in her mouth; then she opened a little silk bag that lay on the guddi, and poured a handful of cardamoms into the girl's hand, which she peeled lazily one by one, putting the seeds into her mouth.

"Sing something, Seristi," she said, yawning again.

Seristi, a pretty, bright young girl, fetched a small barrel-shaped drum from a corner, and seating herself in front of her mistress, began thrumming on it and singing one of the monotonous Hindi love songs.

The Princess listened and yawned and chewed her betel, and one or two of the older women dozed, sitting round the guddi; they had been up half the night helping her to sleep. Then this pastime palled, and she called for food. They brought in a small square table, about a foot high, and placed it on the guddi. Then two cooks brought in trays covered with a cloth, which they placed on the table, trays filled with a multitude of little silver bowls containing small portions of rice, soup, boiled meat, and chopped vegetables, all very hot and highly spiced, sweets, and a little pile of chupatties. Bai Sahib sat up and began to eat, dipping her fingers first in one bowl, then in another, making ugly noises as she ate. When she had finished, one of the maids brought her a vessel like a silver coffee-pot, full of water, which she poured over her hands. Then the Princess lay back on her guddi again, to chew more betel and ask more questions about the young Rajah of Khetri.

So it wore on to evening and bed-time. The Princess's women brought in a low square bed

and spread a mattress and pillows on it, and Bai Sahib arose yawning and threw herself upon it without any ceremony of undressing. The women filed out till only four were left; and then began the nightly business of putting the young lady to sleep. Two sat on the bed near her feet and thumped her legs hard with their fists, one pounded her head, and one sang loudly a discordant lullaby; until by-and-by she slept, and the women who watched her talked together in low undertones; but cautiously, as befitted those who talk amongst spies and tale-bearers, where each one was anxious to win her mistress' favour and disgrace her fellows.

The wedding-day was fixed, and there was a great making of wedding garments. Silken skirts, a hundred yards wide, heavy with gold or silver lace, as is the fashion of Rajputana; pale-hued bodices with glittering bands of gold and silver; fairy chuddahs of gossamer and spangles, and delicate embroidery to be worn over the head and shoulders, and sweeping round the skirts. Many presents of jewellery came pouring in from the other chiefs of Rajputana. Bracelets, anklets, and earrings; necklaces, strings of pearls, and jewelled bands for the hair, very costly, mostly very clumsy, set with uncut stones.

There was merry-making for many days, and guests came from afar. On the wedding-day the great hall of the palace was filled with the zenana guests, so over-filled, indeed, that many fair ladies fainted and had to be carried out.

The Rajah had brought camels and elephants and a great train of servants, to bear his bride with all due honour to her new home. There was a rich and handsome palanquin for the lady herself, in which she would be carried the three days' journey that lay between Johdpore and Khetri. On the morning of the wedding-day the Rajah would take her the first stage on her journey home. Before that he was privileged to pay her his first visit in her zenana.

She stood there now on her guddi in her gorgeous wedding dress, with jewels on her hair and neck and breast; on arms and wrists and ankles, hardly able to stand under the weight of it all.

"The Rajah Sahib is coming," cried one of the women, hurrying across the court.

"Ask him to come in," said the bride.

"Come in, come in," cried the women standing in the court; and the Rajah came across the sunshine to his bride, the only man except her father whom she had ever seen in the zenana.

He drew aside the shrouding veil, and looked long at the dark plain face whose beauty had been so vaunted to him.

"My fair Ranee," he said, with grave courtesy. "You are willing to come with me to Khetri? I hope you will be happy there."

She giggled and did not answer.

They sat side by side upon the guddi, looking out upon the sunlit court, and he tried to talk

to her, of her music, of the books she had read, and a little of Khetri. The bride sat silent with downcast eyes and a self-conscious smile, plucking at the bracelets on her wrists. At length he rose to go, and the momentous interview was over.

Then she was led downstairs and put into her palanquin, with high screens held up all round her as she went, so that no curious eyes might behold her, and the long cavalcade set forth. Women in bullock-carts, men on horses and camels and elephants, long strings of baggage camels—a picturesque sight enough.

They travelled all that day, and reached the first stage in the evening, where they encamped for the night; the Ranee and her women in a great bare rest house, the men outside in a narrow sandy valley between slate hills. The camels sat round in circles with their heads together, in their sociable fashion, the men were cooking and smoking and eating round great flaring wood fires; here and there a tent, one for the Rajah, two or three for his more honoured followers.

The Rajah sent to inquire if the lady was comfortable in her rest house, but he did not come himself. The women wondered a little, but they said nothing, and the Ranee slept without a lullaby.

On the third evening they reached Khetri, when it was too late and too dark for the bride to see anything of her new home. Next morning she was up betimes, contrary to her usual custom. Her maids were strangely silent as they dressed her. When she was ready she asked impatiently, "Why does not the Rajah come? Tell him he can come in." But the garrulous maids were silent.

"Where is the Rajah?" she asked, looking darkly upon them.

"They say, your Highness, the Rajah Sahib has gone to Jeypore for the races, but doubtless he will return soon."

"What does that mean?" she asked, staring blankly at them. One old woman who had nursed her as a baby began to cry. The others slipped out of the room one by one, with as little show as possible.

"Where is the other Ranee, then? Is she here in the palace?"

"Oh, my beautiful one, this is not the palace."

"Where am I? What is it?" she cried, springing up from the guddi.

"You are in the fort."

"The Khetri Fort?" she whispered. She had heard of the Khetri Fort: a grim and frowning pile of buildings on the top of an almost inaccessible rock, where the widows of the Khetri Rajahs were sent to finish the remnant of their lives when a new Rajah reigned in Khetri.

"Then is the Rajah dead?" she asked, bewildered.

"No; it is the truth, your Highness, that he is gone to Jeypore. Wait, and have patience, Andata; he will come."

But though she waited he never came.

Up in that grim and dreary fort to-day there is an old white-haired woman of sixty years. She has passed all her life since she was fifteen in that eyrie on the rock, spending her days amongst her women as she had done at Jeypore before her marriage, listening to the gossip that now and then came up to them from the palace down below in the valley, chewing betel and lolling on her guddi. Into her life there has never come the one solitary consolation of the zenana, a husband's fleeting affection, the love and care of young children.

The handsome young Rajah married many wives, and was gathered to his fathers, and another reigns in his stead; but he never went again to the wife who had not found favour in his sight.

H. J. BOURCHIER.

## Alas!

WHEN time was young and skies were blue—

The clear, bright blue of early spring—

We gathered violets wet with dew,

And heard the thrushes sing.

The soft wind stirred the young green leaves,

And lightly played upon our hair;

We dreamed the dreams that fancy weaves

When life and youth are fair.

There was a radiance o'er the earth,

And all the face of Nature smiled,

So happy seemed she at the birth

Of the year's sweetest child.

When time was young we did not think

That fresh green leaves could withered be;

We looked on spring as but a link

In youth's eternity.

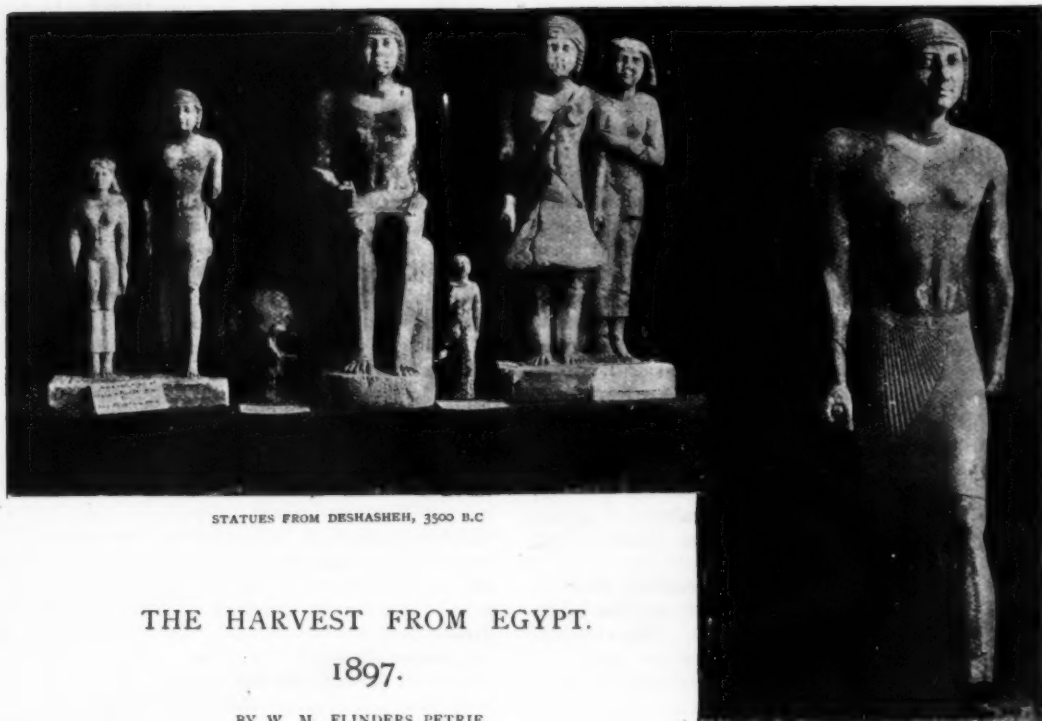
But skies must cloud, and anguish'd tears—

The bitter raindrops of the heart—

Will fall and turn our hopes to fears,

Ere we and life shall part.

C. G. K.



## THE HARVEST FROM EGYPT.

1897.

BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

YEAR by year goes on the work of rescuing and garnering the remaining evidences of Egyptian history; work as we may, all that is rescued is probably less than is absolutely destroyed, and far less than what is plundered and scattered by natives each year. It may seem almost hopeless to save such a small portion of the wreck, with all our exertions; but yet what we get and record is all that we have known about many times and people, and is therefore assuredly worth doing. And very little is done outside of what voluntary English effort is doing to explore and preserve the antiquities of the country; while hardly a single excavation by other nationalities has been recorded as fully for future study as in two or three volumes that come from the English press every year. It is no pride that makes this to be said, for we do but a fraction of what ought to be done; but it is essential that the public who willingly promote such work—in the total absence of Government help in any form—should know how irreplaceable their co-operation is, and how but for the voluntary societies which they support the only accurate record of discovery would be blotted out, and everything be left to the rack and plunder of money-grubbing destroyers.

This last winter has been a good one to each explorer, fresh light on history has been ob-

tained all round, and a fair return for all the labour has been exhibited in London at University College, before being separated to the different museums. Though there is nothing so striking to sight and imagination as the great Israel tablet of last year, yet a little leaf of frail papyrus has proved of even greater interest. This single leaf, no larger than the hand, is the first example yet seen of those collections of the sayings of Jesus which were current in the early Church, and which must from their very nature have preceded the more formal narrative of the Gospels. The first things to be preserved of any oral teacher are the striking sayings, the detached thoughts, which pierce the mind and make it grow into a new being. The precious memorabilia of Socrates, the potent sayings of Epictetus, put together by their loving disciples, are the same in their mechanical formation as these collections of detached sayings or Logia of Jesus which were treasured by the early Nazarenes. In the Sermon on the Mount we seem still to see the classified collection of some thirty sayings which embodied the essence of the teaching, and which were doubtless studied by followers of the Way (Acts ix. 2; xix. 9, 23), long years before it was felt needful to have a formal narrative of a history so familiar to all disciples.

Amid the seven Sayings here preserved, five are variants of ideas familiar in the Gospels; but two others are fresh to us:

"Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the Kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not find the Father."

"Jesus saith, Wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there shalt thou find me, cleave the wood and there am I."



FEET OF A SEATED FIGURE OF NENKHEFTKA WITH HIS SON BY HIS SIDE.

He would be a bold man who would add these to the Gospels: but he would be a bolder who would deny that they may have as good a right within the covers of the Bible as anything that is already there. The mere fact of their differing from other sayings is nothing against them, for everyone knows within the canon how different surroundings, needs, and hearers have called forth teaching which is verbally contradictory when deprived of its purpose. The rest of this priceless document need not be repeated here, as it is found already in so many publications.<sup>1</sup> Had we but received the whole volume, of which this is only the eleventh leaf, what questions might not be raised!

Another leaf perhaps more important is the first of St. Matthew's Gospel dating from before Constantine, probably from the time of the Decian persecution, and over a century before any manuscript yet known of the Gospels. This shows that the text was the same as what we now possess before all the ecclesiastical settlement and the Council of Nicaea. After these two documents anything is possible from Egypt.

And how have these been found? By wholesale turning over of the vast heaps of rubbish left from the Roman town of Oxyrhynkos, now the village of Behnesa, on the edge of the western desert, some hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo. Here Mr. B. P. Grenfell and Mr. A. S. Hunt spent last winter in searching

acres of dust and rubbish to several feet in depth, and so brought to light thousands of rolls, leaves, and fragments of writing on every kind of subject. Theology, classical literature, history, decrees, private letters, law deeds, accounts, and all the life of an active provincial town of the Roman empire, are now laid before us. And in the course of about a generation or so we may hope to see them all edited, published, and translated, part of the common stock of our knowledge of the world. Such a vast and discursive prize has never fallen to the lot of a discoverer before.

Not only has the close of the history of ancient Egypt been enlightened by these papyri, but the opening of it has also been illustrated by the work at El Kab and at Deshashch this year. The latter is a modern village about eighty miles south of Cairo, with a very early cemetery which I excavated in the desert near it. The tombs here date from about 3500 B.C., and show what rare skill man had then in portraiture. Of one large tomb here all the built chambers have been destroyed, leaving only a bare platform on the hill; but in one corner of this a little pit led to a chamber in the rock, strewn with broken statues. Three figures were three-quarters of life-size; of these a standing and a seated one were kept by the Egyptian Government, but one standing one has reached England, and is here shown, at the right hand of the group. Certainly this is the finest Egyptian work that has come to our country yet, and very few of the choice statues in the Cairo museum can equal it, for the modelling



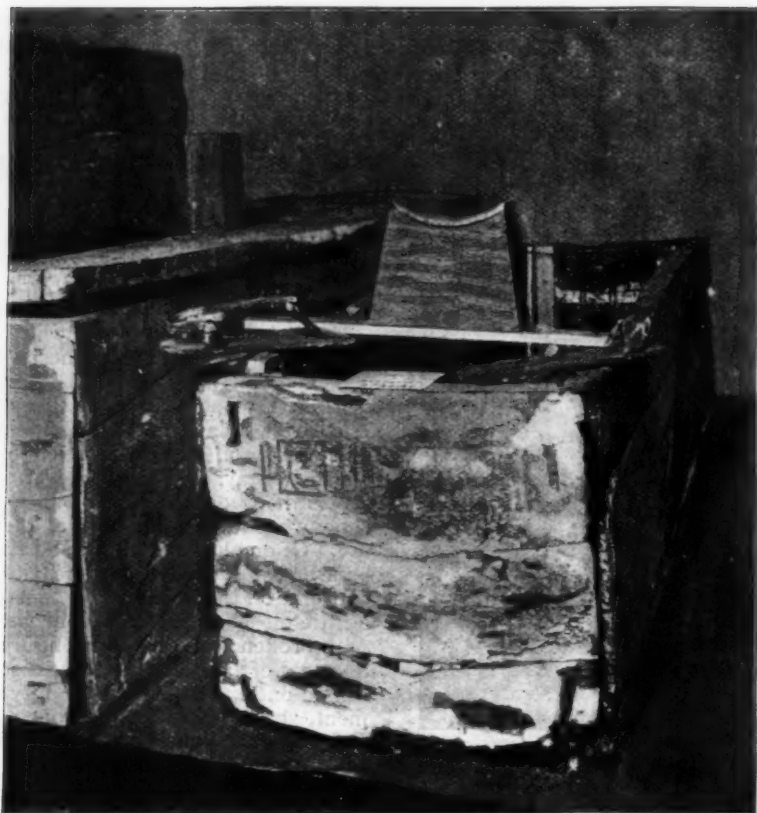
A PAINTED BOARD WITH BOATS AND HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

of the figure, the abstraction of it, and yet the natural and free expression of the face.

Beside these three large figures there are two pairs of the same man and his wife. This Nenkheftka was the noble who ruled the

<sup>1</sup> "Sayings of Our Lord." From an Early Greek Papyrus. With two plates. Published for the EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND by Henry Froude, London. Prices Sixpence and Two Shillings.





COFFIN OF PRIESTESS MERA WITH HEAD-REST.

district for perhaps thirty or forty miles up and down the river, having control of, maybe, a quarter of a million acres. These great feudal

nobles were the strength of the country, who held together its civilisation and organised their own districts. Free, apparently, from the



SOLID BLOCK COFFIN WITH SKELETON OF A LAME MAN. HIS STAFF AT THE SIDE.



violent ambitions and greed which usually wreck small communities—such as the Greek cities—these chiefs peacefully devoted themselves to the prosperity of their vast estates, under the lordship of the king. Each prepared his tomb during his life, and deposited in it the life-like effigies of himself and his family, that so his soul might have a home when it wandered forth from the body. Along with this noble are thus the figures of his wife, and also the seated figure of his son, shown in the middle of the group here. The little standing figure is likewise of the son: and the skull is that of the son found in his coffin in his own tomb.

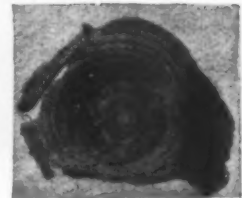
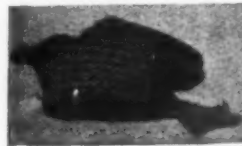
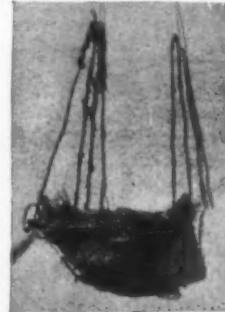
Beside the statues of the family there were also figures of the servants engaged in all the domestic work of preparing food, and also models of boats so that the soul could go and sail at its pleasure. Here in this cemetery a painted board was found placed in lieu of the models, and showing on one side the cooking and slaughtering, and on the other side the boats with cabins, and two apes on the rigging. The board has still the string by which it was hung up to be admired before it was placed in the tomb.

The coffin also served for the barmecide feast of the soul. At the end of one is figured the row of granaries with doors, and archways below where the grain could be removed; each granary inscribed with name and quantity of the corn put in it. In the coffin also was the block of wood to lay the head on when sleeping; in this case grained to imitate costly wood, and with the owner's name and title, "Mera, priestess of the goddess Hathor," written on it. Two pairs of sandals completed the equipment. But in many tombs a large quantity of clothing was placed; and we can now handle, and might even wear, dresses which were as old in the time of Abraham as Roman things are to us.

Other coffins were not built up of logs of timber, but hollowed out of a whole trunk of a tree, like a dug-out canoe, but with flat sides. The bodies were always wrapped in linen; but after opening this the bones have now been replaced in their coffin, together, in one case, with the staff of the man who had been lame of a leg, owing to breaking the thigh in childhood.

The way in which these graves were cut in the hard rocky gravel was shown, by finding two unfinished graves with all the tools left behind as they were last used, some 5400

years ago. Heavy wooden mallets and wooden chisels served to break out the gravel, which was hauled up in baskets by a palm-fibre rope. The actual baskets, and the rope, still strong and tough, were found together, and now hang up just as when they were last used by men who were as long before the Jewish monarchy as that is before us. This time-despising preservation of everything makes the mere point of life seem so small in Egypt. Thrones and dynasties, civilisations and beliefs pass over the world without seeming to change or mar that



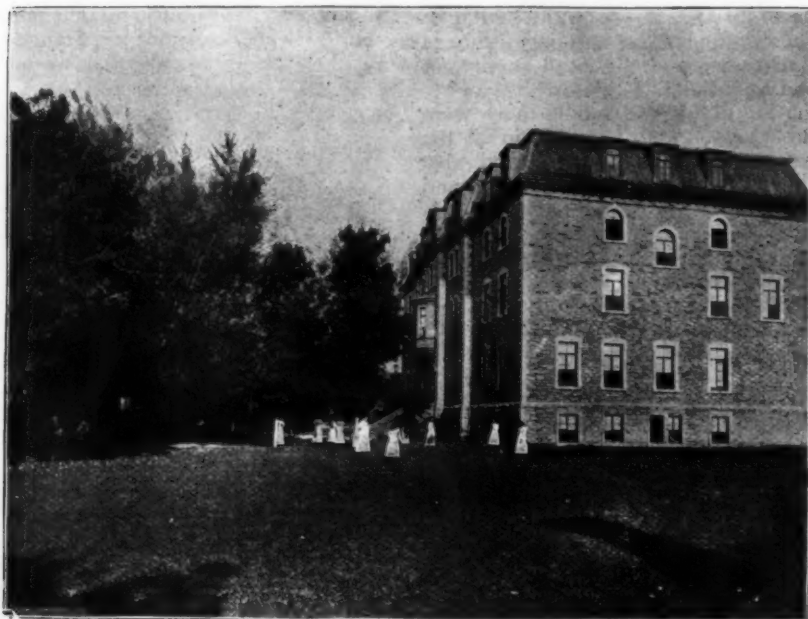
BASKETS.

which Egypt holds in its safe-keeping. The scenery and the sculptures which we admire there will be the pleasure of others when we are so remote that we mingle to their eyes with the ancients themselves, and when our northern occupation of the land will fall into the dim series of the conquests by the Shepherd kings and the Romans. Not a single printed book of our age will remain when men shall still be wondering at the pyramids, and spelling out the names of kings on the temples and cliffs of the Nile.



## THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT WORK.



RIDEAU HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

TO anyone accustomed to the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the fact most likely to impress itself upon him when at Ottawa is the degree and fidelity with which the Westminster model has been followed in Canada. The patterning after the English

The Westminster Model.

Parliament began in the first Parliament which assembled in Upper Canada, and has ever since been continued with little divergence. When the first Parliament met, in a frame building at Newark in 1792, it was opened with great ceremony. General Simcoe, the Governor of Upper Canada, went in state to the first Parliament House. He was attended by a military escort, and he opened the session with a speech from the Throne, drawn up in the form and style which for generations past have characterised speeches from the Throne in the Parliament in England.

This early Canadian Parliament, held in the woods, had its Speaker and its Clerk; its Serjeant-at-Arms and its Mace; and even the wearing of a sword, which in the eighteenth century served to distinguish a county from a borough member in England, was adopted in Canada. The writs for the early Canadian Parliaments were couched in much the same

language as those of contemporary writs in England. Members for counties were commanded to appear "girt with sword."

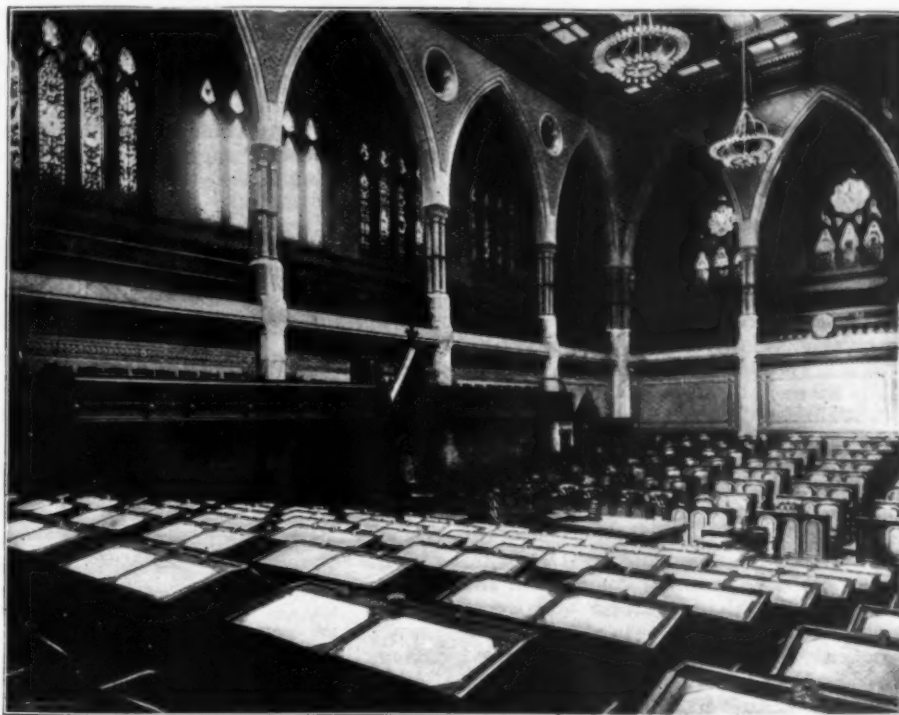
The members so distinguished, like the county members of those days in England, were elected by the freeholders. Those who represented the towns were elected by the ten-pound householders. Canada had a uniform borough franchise forty years before England.

When, in 1813, the home-made Mace of the Canadian House of Commons was carried off by the American soldiers, who set fire to the Parliament buildings on the Lake front at Toronto, another Mace was soon substituted; and in all the meetings of the Canadian Parliament there has always been a Mace on the table when the Speaker was in the chair. Even in the way in which the Mace is laid on the table the fashion of England is followed. It is placed transversely in the House of Commons; in the Senate it is placed longitudinally, as in the House of Lords. The Serjeant-at-Arms, the custodian of the Mace in the House of Commons, and the Usher of the Black Rod in the Senate, each wear a dress sword and costumes of black, cut and trimmed almost exactly like the costumes of the Serjeant-at-Arms and Black Rod at Westminster.

The Speaker of the House of Commons wears a robe like that of the Speaker at Westminster, but appears without the wig, knee-breeches and buckle shoes which form part of the attire of the Speaker of the English House of Commons. At the entrance to both Chambers there is a brass bar; and in the Senate a space is railed off from the Chamber to afford standing room for members of the House of Commons when they are summoned by Black Rod into the presence of the Governor-General, for the speech from the Throne at the opening of the Parliamentary session, or on any other ceremonial occasion. In both Houses, the Speaker is enthroned on a high chair reached

when they are convincing the House and the country of the wisdom or unwisdom of a policy under discussion. The table is bare of boxes. Each member's desk serves as his box, and it is from behind these desks that members address themselves to the House.

While, however, the Canadian members sit at separate desks, they always use the phraseology of Westminster in speaking of the arrangement and furnishing of the House; and in and out of Parliament refer to the Treasury bench and the front Opposition bench. In England ex-ministers and privy councillors have a courtesy right to places on the front Opposition bench. In Canada a similar tradition prevails;



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

by a flight of steps; and when the Speaker of the House of Commons is elected, it is from these steps, as at Westminster, that he tells the House how inadequate are his powers for the discharge of the duties to which he has been called, and addresses his thanks to his fellow members for electing him to the Chair.

In one respect the appearance of the House at Ottawa is different from that at Westminster. Only the Clerks are at the table. At Westminster, ministers and ex-ministers stand at the table when they address the House. They lean on it, and hammer their arguments home on the brass-bound boxes which are part of its furnishings. At Ottawa, ministers and leaders of the Opposition have no support of this kind

but as seventeen or eighteen years have elapsed since the Liberals were in office, there are only a few members now in the House of Commons who have a right to places on the first row of desks on the Speaker's left.

The Page  
Boys.

One other feature about the economy of the House, where Ottawa differs from Westminster, concerns the attendants. In the English House of Commons the attendants are all men, fine presentable fellows, who are distinguished from members by their black uniforms and gilt badges and chains. At Ottawa the attendants are boys. They wear a black uniform, knickerbockers and Eton jackets, white shirts and white ties, and when not on errands, the boys group themselves on the steps of the Speaker's

chair. When the session is over, the page boys attend school.

No matter how late the House may sit, the pages are in attendance. In England the Home Office inspectors charged with the administration of the factory laws might raise some objection to the hours these little fellows are called upon to work. Apart from the late hours, however, the work of the boys is interesting; and nothing could exceed the celerity and ease with which they discharge it. They know the forms of the House as well as the members. In passing from one part of the Chamber to another, they show great watchfulness in not coming between the member who is addressing the House, and the Speaker; and, like the members, they never come into the broad middle aisle, or pass in front of the table, without making a low bow to the Speaker.

In all outward observances the customs of Westminster are followed with fidelity. Members sit with their hats on, taking them off whenever they rise to their feet, or pass from one part of the House to another. Tall hats are much less the rule than at Westminster; while easy-fitting cloth caps of the style which made the reputation of one labour member in the English House of Commons are common. Ministers sit in the House in round hats.

**Ceremonial Observances.** The Canadian House of Commons in these personal conventionalities occupies a middle place between the House of Commons at Westminster and the House of Representatives at Washington. The style is a little freer than at Westminster, but freedom is not carried so far as at Washington. Smoking has never been allowed on the floor of the Dominion Parliament. It was formerly common in the House of Representatives, and the practice of smoking while debates were proceeding has been stopped only since Mr. Reed succeeded Mr. Crisp as Speaker at Washington in the winter of 1895.

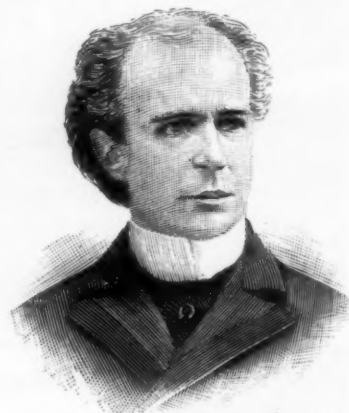
On some occasions the House of Commons at Ottawa is more ceremonious than the English House. A message from the Governor-General is regarded as a message from the Crown. At Westminster, when a message from the Queen is received, members take off their hats. At Ottawa they stand up in their places to receive a message from the Governor-General. This difference in ceremonial is due to the presence of the French Canadian members, and is traceable to the time when Quebec had its separate Parliament. French ideas of politeness did not permit of members sitting in the House with their hats on. This might be a Parliamentary privilege of long standing, and of value in England; but it did not commend itself to polite French Canadians, to the grandsons and great-grandsons of those French Canadians whom Parkman has described as "heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry." They sat bare-headed, and adopted the plan of

rising when a message was received from the Governor-General.

**Party Divisions.**

At Ottawa, as in the provincial parliaments which meet at Quebec and Toronto, and at the other provincial capitals, the English plan of grouping members is followed. At Washington and in all the State legislatures in the United States, members' desks are arranged in a circle round the Speaker's dais. At Ottawa, ministers and their supporters sit to the right of the Speaker, and the members forming what is described in the speeches and the official reports as Her Majesty's Opposition sit to the Speaker's left. A broad aisle goes down the middle of the Chamber.

Party names are, as in England, Conservatives and Liberals. It would be a long story to go into the history of Canadian political parties, even from Confederation. Most of the great party conflicts of the last eighteen years have been waged about the question of protection.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PREMIER OF CANADA.

As in England, most of the work of the Canadian Parliament is done in the House of Commons. Nearly all the ministers of the Dominion Cabinet are in that House, to help measures through, and generally to answer for the work of their departments in the Chamber where the money is voted and the departments are most severely criticised. Usually, but not invariably, the Premier is in the House of Commons. When he is in the Senate, the Secretary of State, or the head of one of the other more important State departments, acts as leader of the House. There are twelve ministers. The Dominion Cabinet, however, is not limited in number by the number of ministers. Occasionally it contains two or three members who are without portfolios, and free from departmental duties.

**French Canadians.**

One feature peculiar to the Canadian Parliament needs to be explained. Fifty or sixty of the 213 members of the House of Commons are



French Canadians from the Province of Quebec, and in accordance with a Royal Proclamation made as early in the history of the English Colony as 1763, and in accordance with several more recent Parliamentary enactments, English and French are both official languages of the Dominion.

France had had possession of Canada only half a century when Wolfe and Montcalm met on the Plains of Abraham; and there were not more than 65,000 French people in Canada when George III., in 1763, guaranteed to his new subjects that their language should continue to be the official language of the colony. To-day there are a million and a quarter in the city and province of Quebec. As regards language and the place of the Roman Catholic Church in the social life of the people, they are as French as in any Department in France. In the Provincial Parliament in the old City of Quebec, French is spoken almost exclusively; and when the Parliament there permits itself the luxury of a Hansard, the reports are in the French language. All the official announcements in Quebec, concerning the Municipalities, the Province, or the Dominion, are published in French and English; and in Canada there are more than a hundred newspapers printed in French, most of which are published in the Province of Quebec.

After the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario were united in 1840, French, for eight or nine years, ceased to be an official language. The English language was supreme. The French Canadians, however, vigorously and persistently resisted the attempt to displace the French language in Parliamentary and official life, and, before Confederation, French was again given its old place in the conduct of public affairs. At Confederation, further guarantees were given for the continuance of the French language; and to-day at Ottawa on every door in the Houses of Parliament the notices are printed in English and in French. So are all the official notices of a longer and more important character issued by the Dominion Government. The Dominion Civil Service examinations are conducted in the two languages, and it is optional with candidates for clerkships in which language they take their examinations.

In Parliament both languages are used in debate. During a prolonged debate French-speaking Canadians on the Government benches often reply to the criticisms and attacks of French-speaking Canadians in the Opposition. Occasionally, for the greater part of the sitting, French is the only language spoken.

The French Canadians enjoy a night to themselves. At these times the English-speaking unofficial members, like the English and Irish members at Westminster on the Scotch nights, retreat to the smoking-rooms. There is a magnificent terrace in front of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa, and thirty acres of

ground laid out with walks. But the walks and terraces at Ottawa do not play the part in the social life of Parliament that is played by the terrace overlooking the Thames at Westminster, and for the reason that the Ottawa Parliament chiefly sits during the winter, when there are a couple of feet of snow on the terrace and the grounds on Parliament Hill. The smoke-rooms, with their big, cheerful open fireplaces, and their easy chairs and lounges, their card tables and their chessmen, are necessarily of more general use, and it is there that the English-speaking members who remain within call of the party whips are to be found when the French-speaking members from Quebec are enjoying an exclusive innings in the Chamber. For members who desire to know what the French Canadians have been saying, there will be a verbatim report in English in the Hansard next day.

In the House of Commons and in the Senate the Speakers and the higher officials use both languages, and so do most of the ministers. When a resolution is moved, it is first read from the Chair in English. Then a page hands it from the Speaker to the Clerk at the table, who reads it aloud in French. At the beginning of a session, the address to the Crown is moved by an English-speaking member, and seconded by a French-speaking member, or *vice versa*. In both Houses prayers are read in English. In the Senate there is a paid chaplain; in the House of Commons prayers are read by the Speaker; and, as at Westminster, strangers are not admitted until after prayers.

The Canadian Hansard. The Canadian Parliament goes to great expense in publishing official reports of its proceedings.

All the speeches are reported verbatim, and the Hansard volumes which contain them are printed in English and in French. There are, in fact, two sets of Hansards, and corps of French reporters, translators, and typewriters, as well as corps of English reporters, are employed. The Hansard reporters sit on the floor of the House. There is one table for the English reporters and a second for the French reporters, and French reporters, if not at the table, are always within call. The French Canadians are tenacious of their rights and privileges as to the French language, and as long as the House goes to the expense of publishing official reports, the Quebec members insist that the reports shall appear in the two languages.

Judging by the measures taken by the House of Commons at Ottawa, the Canadian people, both English and French, have a larger appetite for the reading of Parliamentary debates than even the people of Scotland are commonly reported to possess. The Hansards, which are published daily, are distributed in large numbers by the members. They are also sent free of charge to all the newspaper offices, and whenever there is an important debate in the House, duplicates of the reports of the speeches are at

the service of the newspaper reporters in the Press Gallery within an hour or so after the speeches have been made.

Free Newspapers. From the days when Governor Simcoe convened the first Parliament at Newark, Canadian statesmen have been most solicitous for the press. Governor Simcoe subsidised a newspaper published at the Capital in the Woods; and if the word of the Duc de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt is to be relied upon, the Governor was careful that the news contained in the journal was toned to his liking. Ever since then, Canadian statesmen have been careful for the press; and to-day journalists in Canada receive many favours at the hands of Parliament and the Government. All newspapers sent out from the office of publication are carried post free over the Dominion and the United States; and blue books and official reports are poured into the newspaper offices without cost to the newspaper proprietors.

A curious fact in connection with the relationship of the House at Ottawa to the newspapers is that the representatives of the press sit on the side of the House occupied by the party to which their papers are committed. The reporters of the Toronto "Globe," a Liberal paper, sit to the left of the Speaker; while those of the "Montreal Gazette," a journal supporting the Conservative party and the National policy, sit to the right in the gallery above the Chair. A practical reason is advanced in favour of this division in the press gallery. It is contended that a Conservative newspaper naturally desires to give most attention to the speeches of Conservative members, and *vice versa*.

The Members. As seen from the galleries, and as observed in the lobbies, in physical bearing and in dress members of the House of Commons at Ottawa present appearances more akin to members of the House of Representatives at Washington, or of the State Legislatures in America, than to members of the House of Commons at Westminster. The Canadian Parliament, in fact, draws its members from the same classes of men as the American Congress and the American State Legislatures. Lawyers are in great force in all the legislative bodies of North America. So are farmers, country merchants, and men engaged in the lumber trade.

In comparison with the number of members, there are perhaps more journalists and doctors at Ottawa than at Washington. In Canada, the lawyers, the journalists, and the doctors come out in great strength as Parliamentary candidates; and the explanation of their eagerness to take part in the life of the Dominion capital is easy to understand. Members of these three professions are advanced by keeping their names before the public; and as an old member of the House expressed himself to me at Ottawa, "It takes a young lawyer a long time before he is able to command an income of a thousand dollars a year."

This sum, equal to £200 in our money, is the indemnity paid to members of the Ottawa Parliament; and a young lawyer who is secure of it for five years regards himself as on the high road to success. Besides this, a young lawyer who is in Parliament is a desirable partner for a stay-at-home lawyer. His prominence at Ottawa brings distinction to the firm, and indirectly some business of a public or semi-public character. There are also numerous offices in the gift of the Government which always fall to lawyers. In comparison with population and revenue, the Dominion Government has immensely more patronage to bestow than the English Government, and the lawyers get the lion's share of the offices.

It is easy also to understand why journalists, especially those of the proprietor-editor class, are in comparatively large numbers in the Canadian Parliament. They can attend to their Parliamentary duties without any serious break in their professional work, and to the Canadian journalist the indemnity of \$1,000 is as welcome as it is to a young lawyer. The journalists, too, get a full share of the offices. Journalists are so numerous in the House that when it goes into committee on the printing votes, or on the cost and management of the Hansard publications, the discussions read like those of a jury of experts. All the speakers know how much it costs to put into type and print a pamphlet for the Immigration Department, and how many hours ought to elapse before a member can read a proof of his speech in Parliament after the Hansard editor has sent the manuscript of the speech to the Government printer.

Why there should be so many medical men in Parliament is not so easy to explain, except from the fact that, notwithstanding the drastic protective regulations of the Medical Council at Toronto Ontario for its population has more doctors than any other English-speaking community in the New or the Old World.

#### The Style of Debating.

The style of debating in the Canadian House of Commons more resembles that of Washington than that of Westminster. Both at Washington and at Ottawa there are two obstacles in the way of first-class Parliamentary debating. These are the facts that members are provided with desks, and are allowed to occupy themselves with newspapers, books, and correspondence while in the Chamber; and the importance attached by members to the publication of their speeches in the Hansards.

There can be no doubt that the existence of the Hansard reports adds to the wearisome length of the speeches at Ottawa. If a member has written an essay which he desires to inflict upon the House in the form of a speech, there is no denying him the opportunity of doing so to the full when once he is in possession of the floor. Speeches cannot be curtailed, as in England, by the use of the closure. The members making a bare quorum may not be paying the least attention. Those who are

tired of the speech may bang down the lids of their desks to manifest their impatience. Others who are even less careful for the feelings of the member who is on his feet and labouring to get himself into print, may interject such phrases as "Cut it short," or "Give your manuscript to the Hansard staff"; but on the member goes, until he is at the end of his story; and then a day or two later it appears word for word in the official reports. Then on examination it will probably be found to consist largely of quotations; sometimes with hardly sufficient original matter to link the quotations neatly together.

The Canadian Parliament, like the House of Representatives at Washington, is amazingly

sides of the House are characterised by dignity and eloquence, and would not come amiss from the front benches at Westminster.

#### The Senate.

An air of repose and easy dignity distinguishes the Senate from the House of Commons. There is seldom any stir or excitement in the Red Chamber. The Senate forms a delightful back-water in the stream of political life at Ottawa.

In its furnishings and appointments the Senate is modelled as nearly as can be after the House of Lords. There is no woolsack, for Canada has no Lord Chancellor; but there is a throne for the Governor-General, as the Senate is the scene of the State ceremonies attending



THE SENATE CHAMBER.

tolerant of quotation. Political philosophers, from Bacon to Burke, are cited with great frequency, and often at length, after a fashion which disappeared from Westminster long ago. One could almost rewrite some of the pamphlets of Swift and some of the letters of Junius from the back numbers of the Canadian Hansard, and from the same volumes it would be easy to get together a large-sized book of poetical extracts. Poetry is quoted many stanzas at a time.

The House is seen at its best when it is in committee. Then there are few prepared speeches, and discussion is on a businesslike plane. The language of members when the House is in committee is that of the street and the market-place. On set occasions, however, the speeches from the front benches on both

the formal opening and closing of the sessions of the Dominion Parliaments. There is also a Mace and a Black Rod, both in charge of an usher, whose dress in all its frillings and details, except the knee breeches and buckle shoes, corresponds with the dress of the Usher of the Black Rod at Westminster. The Canadian climate is not favourable to knee breeches, and at Ottawa both the Serjeant-at-Arms and the Usher of the Black Rod have stopped short of knee breeches in patterning their official attire on that of the corresponding officials of the Parliament at Westminster.

As in the House of Commons at Ottawa, each member of the Senate sits at a desk, and, as in the Lower Chamber, members of the Senate read or write while the debates are proceeding.



At Westminster a member of the House who attempted to read a newspaper while sitting in his place would soon be called to order. In the Ottawa Senate there is no such rule; and when the evening newspapers arrive, pages place copies of them on the desks of the senators. It need not be added that it is not a very attentive audience that the senator in possession of the floor addresses for the next ten minutes.

Procedure in the Senate in its more important particulars is closely modelled after that of the House of Lords. The small amount of judicial business which comes before the Dominion Parliament is carried through its first stages in the Senate. Divorce bills originate there. A committee of the Senate deals with the evidence in these cases, and the Senate either rejects the Bill, or sends it on for the verdict of the House of Commons.

In one obvious particular the Senate differs from the House of Lords. It has no young members. Even the Speaker's page, although he wears a knickerbocker suit and Eton jacket like the page boys in the House of Commons, is the father of a family. The senators are appointed for life by the Government. They are all elderly men, who have had long and varied political careers elsewhere, and are spending the evening of their political lives in the serenity and splendour of the Red Chamber. Once in the Red Chamber, unless a senator is of the Cabinet, he soon becomes what the Canadians describe as a back number, and to political back numbers neither the electors nor the newspapers give much attention. The feature which most impresses itself upon a visiting Englishman who stays out a morning sitting of the Senate, is that it is decidedly neglected. The chances are that during the whole of the sitting there will not be half a dozen occupants of the visitors' galleries. There is room for a thousand visitors; but the few who do come do not stay long. They take a look at the pictures, the beautiful decorations and furnishings of the Chamber, and then away.

The Senate also experiences the same neglect from the Parliamentary reporters. There are no

corps of busy shorthand writers hurrying in and out of the Senate press gallery. One reporter usually represents the whole of the newspapers of Canada; and even he is in the employ of the Senate, and is paid out of the contingency fund. The senators could not brook the neglect of the newspapers. They felt that the country was poorer for the fact that newspaper reporters seldom came into the Red Chamber, and were indifferent whether the Senate was in session or not. Two or three years ago, the senators pressed a journalist into their service, and he distributes gratuitous reports of the Senate debates to the Ottawa representatives of the various Canadian newspapers. Even this liberality secures the senators but little space in the unofficial daily Parliamentary reports. The copy thus supplied free of cost meets with no hearty reception. When it contains ministerial statements, these are of course telegraphed east and west to the newspapers; but when the senators have had a debate merely among themselves, and the members of the Cabinet who have seats in the Senate have not intervened, the bulk of the report gets no farther than the waste-paper baskets of the political editors at Ottawa.

Apart from this popular and journalistic neglect, the position of a senator is not an undesirable one. Senators have no constituents to worry them with letters carried post free. No constituents have a traditional constitutional right to expect an account of their stewardship at the end of the Parliamentary session. The indemnity and mileage paid the senators are as liberal as are paid the more hardly driven members of the House of Commons, who are at the beck and call of whips and of exacting constituents. The senators are allowed to frank as many letters, and can command as many blue books, as the members of the Lower House, and, as the sittings of the Senate are much less frequent and much shorter and less fatiguing than those of the Commons, the senators have more opportunities than members of the Commons of availing themselves of the club accommodations of the Parliament House, and of the social opportunities of political and official life at the Dominion capital.

EDWARD PORRITT.

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### **Each man builds his soul a house.**

HOUSED in thine earthen hovel day by day,  
There riseth round thee, wonderful and fair,  
Like a fine aura, wrought of moted air,  
An habitation knowing not decay:  
Mortar whereto thy lightest thought doth lay,  
Wherein each act is builded whole and square.

That is the sum, the flower and power of thee,  
And thy dread mansion for eternity.

*Frederick Langbridge.*

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## BY LAW OF LOVE.

BY C. V. CHIPPENDALE.



REGINALD VISITS THE COMMON LODGING-HOUSE.

### III.

IN due course of time the Rev. Reginald Grey was hard at work as a mission clergyman in the East End. His mother took a small house in a suburb a few miles distant, but not too far from her dear boy, who, as he was indefatigable in his labours, soon became a well-known personality in the most degraded slums. He organised all kinds of good works: he visited the courts and alleys: he frequented the common lodging-houses, where he spoke to the odd rough specimens of humanity that were always to be found there: he preached in the open air: he and his choir would sometimes walk in procession in their robes, singing and alluring the crowd into church: he addressed temperance meetings, *bonâ fide* working men's meetings, children's meetings: he set on foot clubs and gymnasiums for the young fellows: he started entertainments for the winter evenings, and classes for old and young.

There was not a thing he left undone that he thought might help to bring sweetness and light into the sordid squalid masses among whom he lived. His thin pale face grew thinner and paler still: his brown eyes seemed to grow larger and brighter: and with his thick growth of black hair and tall gaunt frame he became a man to observe amongst men in that commonplace throng of East London.

Meanwhile May had gone to live with Mrs. Lawson at St. Hilary. Rudlows had gone to the hammer: everything had been sold up to help to pay the exasperated clients and creditors. When all the affairs were settled, there was yet something to be saved from the wreck; at least, so May constantly hoped.

May was heartily glad to be living with her aunt in such a quiet old place as St. Hilary. The quaintness of the old city; the charm of its mediæval gates and city walls; above all, the beauty and majesty of its glorious old cathedral, diverted her mind from the recent trials and

sorrows through which she had passed. She soon began to feel quite at home at St. Hilary. Her aunt was proud of her—proud of her beauty, her blue eyes, her graceful girlish figure, her style and manner, her cleverness, her musical ability. People soon began to talk of Miss Farcroft, as people in a little place will talk of a new and charming comer. St. Hilary plumed itself on being "musical," and it was felt at once that Miss Farcroft was a valuable acquisition to its available talent. The Close quite took her up. Mrs. Lawson had the *entrée* to the society of the Close, which, consisting as it did of a dean and canons, the accredited exponents of the religion of charity and humility, was particularly select and exclusive. Mrs. Lawson's special friend on the Chapter was Canon Hartley, who had lately shown her marked attentions; for Mrs. Lawson was still not without beauty and charm. She had the Farcroft eyes: the trustful caressing blue that shone upon you like the fair heavens. Thoughts had been passing through her mind lately. He was a widower, rich and in a good position: she a widow, not so poor either. What, and if—? Yes, stranger things had happened.

One afternoon in October there was to be a big party at the Deanery. Everybody who was anybody was to be there. Of course Mrs. Lawson and May were invited. May would have preferred not to go; her father's death, even after the time that had elapsed, seemed to her tender heart so recent; but her aunt insisted, and so they both went. Tea was served in the dining-room, where the Dean stood with beaming face to welcome his guests.

"Ah, Mrs. Lawson, how d'do? So glad you were able to come; and your charming niece, too! Tea or coffee? Tea? No sugar? I hope, Miss Farcroft, we may have the pleasure of hearing you sing this afternoon. All this wet weather has not caught your throat. No? That's right! I always think that October is such a trying month: you never know quite where you are. You are loth to think summer is quite gone, and you shrink from acquiescing in the approach of winter. I hear, there's more of this influenza about again, too!"

And so the garrulous old Dean chattered on.

Mrs. Lawson and May made their way to the drawing-room. It was a perfect Babel. The buzz of conversation was deafening; people were jammed together, so that it was almost impossible to move; one had literally to elbow one's way through the crowd to reach Mrs. Digby, the Dean's wife, who was receiving the guests as they came upstairs from the dining-room. At the moment of Mrs. Lawson's arrival somebody, apparently, was playing the piano—and playing it pretty vigorously, too; but it was all a dumbshow; the music was quite drowned by the talk, which increased in noise the louder the pianist thumped. May had not been long in the drawing-room before she was asked to sing. There was a lull in the conversation as she was seen moving towards the piano. At the first tones of her voice

everyone was instantly silent: from first to last she held the company spell-bound. She looked a mistress of her art as she sat, accompanying herself, and pouring out a full stream of pure melody. It was a siren singing; there were mystery and magic in every tone. Those prim and proper people who favoured the Deanery with their presence that afternoon quite forgot their usual stilted and stodgy manner, and became almost vulgar in their demonstrations of delight.

One of the first to congratulate May, when the applause had subsided, was Canon Hartley, a great musical amateur, if the opinion of St. Hilary was to be trusted. This reputation was due partly to the fact that he had married a lady who was a rather well-known composer of some sickly ballads, and partly to the fact that he played the clarinet a little and talked about Wagner a great deal. His criticisms were always listened to with marked deference, for they were given with never the slightest trace of hesitation. St. Hilary felt that the last word had not been said on any musical matter—whether in or out of the cathedral—until Canon Hartley had spoken. Moreover, the learned Canon was notorious for his predilection for pretty faces and attractive figures. I do not say that he was any the better man because he paid ready and willing homage to virtue and good looks. I state the fact: he was emphatically a "ladies' man." Young Spiffley of the 101st said he was "an awful old Johnny, spooning every girl he met that was at all decent-looking!" Older men looked upon him as an amiable, rather weak, vain old fellow, shrugged their shoulders, smiled, and said nothing. But the ladies were charmed with his clean-cut face and ascetic look, and flocked round him like flies round a honey-pot.

The learned Canon ("learned" by compliment, as every member of the House of Commons is "honourable" and every officer "gallant") hastened to congratulate May on her exquisite singing. May was pleased with the attention he paid her, and with the kind encouraging things he said. She was not so superior—or so *blasée*—as to be indifferent to words of praise spoken apparently with sincere conviction. She thought Canon Hartley a delightful man. To her eyes and way of thinking he was just a kind old gentleman. To a girl of two-and-twenty anything above fifty seems old, and to a good girl not yet spoiled by the world all attentions from older men seem merely forms of kindness—fatherly interest and sympathy.

Mrs. Lawson was delighted with the impression her niece had produced in St. Hilary society: she was more than pleased that Canon Hartley had been so struck with the sweetness of May's singing. She saw in this visions of a great future for herself: and when the Canon begged that he might come in sometimes and hear her charming niece sing, she gave him the most cordial of invitations. Who could say what the end of it would be? Through her

mind passed thoughts of all possible consequences: all but one; all but that which did actually come to pass. She would angle for the Canon, and her niece should be the bait. His conduct of late, when they had met, had set her ambitious heart palpitating. Why should he not—under the subtle influence of sweet music, in the mellow glow of evening lights, in the faintly perfumed drawing-room, with its warmth and comfort—why should he not ask her *the* question of all questions which man asks of woman? Yes; there were events far less probable than that.

The Canon became a constant visitor at Mrs. Lawson's. It happened that he was in residence now; and almost regularly after evening-song he would walk over to St. Mary's Fields, where she lived, and have tea and music. Now and then he came later in the evening; sometimes he brought his clarinet, and persuaded May to accompany his dismal gurglings and squeaks on that ill-used instrument. The result was that Mrs. Lawson was growing jealous of May. It was only too evident, as time went on, who it was who attracted the Canon now. Poor May suspected nothing. She was just ordinarily polite and frank and open to the Canon; but, as her aunt grew more and more jealous of her, these trivial acts of common courtesy became in her aunt's eyes deep artifices to ensnare the Canon.

Mrs. Lawson began to dislike May quite as much as before she had liked her. In the secret resentment of her heart she determined to be revenged on the artful designing niece whom she had warmed in her bosom, and who now, like the adder, was turning to sting her. But for the present she did nothing openly; she cherished the bad feeling at her heart.

One evening—it was a beautiful moonlight night—the Canon called and proposed to take the two ladies round the Cathedral.

May was delighted at the idea. How dim, how vast, how ghostly it would all be! Mrs. Lawson expressed herself equally pleased; so forth the three went. The Canon had provided himself with a lantern, for it would be very dark in some places—in the choir-aisles and in the crypt especially.

They soon reached the Close, and before them stood the noble pile, flashing like silver, its brightness heightened by the blackest of black shadows which the moonlight cast. It was about ten o'clock now, or hardly so late; the night watchman had not yet begun his solitary rounds; there was perfect quiet within the high walls of the Close. Hastily crossing the lawn which stretched right up to the north wall, the Canon led the way to a little door in the north-east transept. This he opened with his private key, and the three found themselves among the weird spectral lights and shades of the huge church. They stood together, looking down the ample nave, the floor of which was divided into alternate bands of light and shadow as the huge windows and intervening wall admitted or excluded the moonbeams. The farther end

was shrouded in blackness; they seemed to be looking into a gulf of abysmal darkness. Their eyes followed the upward rise of the mighty pillars until they, too, were lost in obscurity. It seemed unearthly, and yet not heavenly. They remained in silence for some time. May, for her part, was deeply awed. It was a new experience to her.

The Canon was the first to break the silence, but even he only whispered.

"Miss Farcroft," he said, "just sing in *arpeggio* the notes of the common chord, will you?"

"I am rather nervous, I am afraid!"

"Oh, don't be nervous; that's really too absurd. Now: just the four notes."

May summoned up courage at last, and sang out into the shadowy vastness, with perfect clearness and unfaltering intonation—*do, mi, sol, do*. The effect was magical. Immediately from roof and walls, from clerestory and triforium, a full chord swelled out; and as it trembled away and seemed to come and go, to die away and then to burst forth again, it was no stretch of imagination to think that angelic harmonies were filling the great church. At least, this is what Canon Hartley said; and he was regarded as an equally good authority on both harmonies and angels.

At length they turned away. The Canon lit his lantern and proposed a visit to the crypt. Mrs. Lawson had had about enough of it. She had begun to think of May as anything else than an angel. But after an ineffectual protest (which the Canon pooh-poohed) about "its getting late," they turned to go down into the crypt.

The entrance to the crypt was by means of a small door in a transept in the choir. The door opened on to a spiral flight of steps which led down to the vaulted crypt beneath the choir. They reached this door, which the Canon proceeded to open with his key. He placed his lantern on the stone pavement before the door, but at such a distance that when the door opened (as it did) outwards, it should not upset it. He turned the key in the lock and pulled the door, which was pressed by a strong spring from the outside, towards himself. The door was fitted with this spring because the workmen, in passing to and fro between the crypt and the church above, had been too often in the habit of leaving the door open, and so of allowing the cold damp air to rush through into the main building.

The Canon stood with the door open.

"Now, Miss Farcroft," he said, "don't be afraid to enter!" He gave her his disengaged hand with a view to helping her on.

May walked through without the least hesitation. She was ignorant of the flight of steps before her; and before she knew where she was, or what had happened, she had missed her footing and had fallen. She gave a cry of alarm. The Canon rushed through to catch her, and, without a thought of what he was doing, let go the door, which shut behind him with a bang,



leaving Mrs. Lawson outside with the lantern, while he and May were in utter darkness. It was all the event of a moment.

Fortunately May was not in the least hurt; she had saved herself by putting out her hands against the opposite wall of the staircase. But she was rather timid when she found herself shut off with the Canon in the dark.

"Oh, Canon Hartley, what's to be done?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Farcroft! The key is in the door, on the outside, and your aunt will open it in a moment. I do hope you are not hurt. It was very silly of me not to have warned you of those steps!"

May, who was rather annoyed, quite agreed with him, though she said nothing.

"I am surprised your good aunt has not managed to set us free. I wonder what she is doing. Surely she must see the key; she has the lantern with her!"

They waited in silence for a minute or two; it seemed an hour to May. The narrow passage, beside being dark, was cold and draughty: she was very vexed with herself and with the Canon.

"What's to be done?" she said; "we can't stay here all night!"

"Well, no; that would be excessively awkward." The Canon was beginning to feel the absurdity of the position.

"Can't you shout to auntie?"

"Absolutely no good! No sound would penetrate this door!"

There was another long pause.

"Perhaps we might go down the steps here into the crypt, and attempt to attract the notice of the watchman," suggested the Canon.

May was relieved to make a move of any sort. She was angry at the turn of events. She lost sight of the fact that what had happened was purely an accident; she laid the blame of it on the Canon, and resented his very presence. She was annoyed that he held her hand to guide her down the steps, and took her arm to pilot her through the grim arches of the dark crypt. It was a satisfaction to her that it was not quite dark here. On one side of the crypt were windows, through which the light came; although, as they were turned to the north, they did not receive the direct beams. Still, there was comfort in the fact that some light came in.

The Canon's idea was to wait at the window until he heard the night-watchman pass, and then to beat upon the glass and so attract his attention to the presence of some one within the building. It was not a pleasant prospect, however. He could not foretell how the watchman might act. Would he be scared, and rouse the whole Close? Would he rush off to ring an alarm bell? Would he go and collect as many of the gardeners and footmen as were available and lay siege to the crypt? The possibility of such things happening gave poignant anguish to his soul. The one thing he dreaded above all others was to be made appear ridiculous. What would St. Hilary

say of him—how would he be talked about by everybody in the place! His Dean and his brethren of the Chapter, how they would scoff at him! For once in his life he found himself alone with a pretty girl and did not like it. However, he could not help himself now: be the consequences what they might, he must free himself and this girl from their prison. It was bad enough to have been shut up here, as it was; but to be shut up all night, in the cold and damp—it was no joke, even from the point of view of his own health. How his clumsy blundering awkwardness would give the enemy occasion to blaspheme and make him an object of ridicule the rest of his days!

The position would have been ludicrous but for its serious side. Here was May, walking vigorously where she could see to walk—up and down, to keep herself warm; there was the Canon, fast by the window, not daring to move, lest he should miss the watchman on his rounds. Each was growing peevish and irritable, angry with self and angry with the other: waiting for the deliverer who, it seemed, would never come. They had lapsed into silence now. The attempt to keep up any sort of conversation was soon given up; even the Canon had ceased to ejaculate from time to time: "I wonder if he is coming now!" "Surely he can't be long now!" "Where is the fellow?"

May could only wonder what her aunt was doing all this time. Was she shut up in the church above, as they were in the crypt below?

When Mrs. Lawson saw the door suddenly slam upon the Canon and her niece, she was momentarily alarmed; but, being a woman of resources, she soon recovered herself. The first thing to do was to find the key, which, she felt sure, had been on her side of the door. She discovered it beneath the grating above the hot-water pipes. As the door slammed, it had jerked the key out and sent it down where it was now lying. This was provoking. What now was to be done? Fortunately she had the lantern: she would walk about the nave and flash its light in different directions against the windows. In this way she hoped to attract the attention of the night-watchman. Meanwhile her heart was hot with jealousy and indignation. She had had quite enough of this niece. She must find some means of ridding herself of her. The idea of the penniless minx coming between her and the cherished object of her hopes! As she thought about it, she raged up and down, more like a tigress than a woman.

After some time had elapsed she heard a key turn in the little north-east door. A man entered, carrying a lantern. It was the watchman. She went to meet him.

"Beggin' your pardon, lady, but I heard the music, and I guessed Canon Hartley was in here. I've been waitin' for the party to come out; but, as you seemed rather long, I thought I'd come in and see if anything was wanted—especially as I saw the lantern a-flashin' about."



"Oh, thank you so much!" replied Mrs. Lawson. "I am indeed glad you have come."

"Where's the Canon, ma'am?" asked the watchman. He had been looking round and peering about since he first spoke to her.

"I must tell you. Come with me. Unfortunately he was going with my niece down into the crypt, when the door shut suddenly upon them, leaving me outside. The key fell out, and down through the grating; so that I could do nothing."

"So he and the young lady's down in the crypt together, eh, ma'am?"

"Yes, do make haste and set them free."

"Oh certainly, ma'am: that's what I'm just a-goin' to do."

By this time they had reached the door.

"I will await your return here," said Mrs. Lawson.

In a few moments the Canon, May, and the watchman emerged from the crypt; and not long after they were saying "Good-night" at the gate of the Close. They tried, now all was over, to put a fair face upon the adventure; but the attempt was dismal.

Mrs. Lawson did not say a word to May that night.

#### IV.

CANON HARTLEY called the next day to inquire after the ladies; but he was very dull. All his sprightliness seemed to have forsaken him, and he only appeared formal and dismally polite. Mrs. Lawson felt that all was over. Her hopes were dashed to the ground: her schemes frustrated: her dream over. And who had spoilt all? Who but this designing girl, this niece, who had requited her kindness with such serpent-like treachery! She would pay her back in her own coin: she would make the heartless flirt suffer for her interference. If May had come between her and her happiness—why, it was only just that she should retaliate similarly on May.

Mrs. Lawson was an unscrupulous woman when once her temper was aroused. She did not stick at half-measures. When her brother married, she quarrelled with his new wife and consequently with her husband, and thenceforth she had no communication with either one or the other: indeed, she did not see her brother again till he lay on his death-bed. She would have delighted Dr. Johnson's heart: she was "a good hater." Accordingly she determined to estrange Reggie and May.

Reggie, who had been working as hard as ever, had not yet managed to run down to St. Hilary to see May, and stay the night at Mrs. Lawson's, although she had invited him. He was looking forward to a little holiday after Christmas was over. May would have been so delighted to see her earnest, enthusiastic sweetheart. He seemed such a contrast to the easy-going, luxurious, worldly-minded Canons, who never did anything that needed doing, and were so many ornamental (and not so orna-

mental, either!) figure-heads. No doubt she was mistaken. Love made her partial; in her ignorance of their multifarious duties, the social and ecclesiastical calls upon the time and energy of the Canons, she hastily judged that they merely dined and lunched with the county families and aired themselves at corporation dinners and on public platforms. What was their work—if you could call it work—compared with the incessant toil of her Reggie? So she thought, with pride of love at her heart.

Reggie had not yet been down to St. Hilary, then; and as winter approached, he found that his work increased more and more, and the immediate chances of paying his visit vanished entirely. Night schools, soup kitchens, temperance meetings, entertainments of various kinds, had to be organised and superintended. After Christmas perhaps there would be a lull; and then, oh, joy! to see May again.

Meantime Mrs. Lawson determined to play a desperate game. The violent-tempered woman left behind all scruples in her passion for revenge. She wrote to Reggie, and hinted, in guarded terms, that May was the centre of attraction; that, beside the young doctor who had the best and most profitable practice at St. Hilary, and who was continually dangling after her, the Canon, of whom he had heard, the ascetic-looking clergyman with the clarinet, was paying her marked attention. It would be well if Reggie wrote to May, and asked her if the rumours were true.

Reggie wrote back to Mrs. Lawson with something very near indignation: he had the fullest confidence in May, he said, and he repudiated her aunt's unworthy suggestions. He was, of course, bound to accept Mrs. Lawson's account of the motives which had actuated her in writing so to him, but he was capable of looking after his own interests, and interference between man and maid had always failed of its object, and this occasion was not likely to prove an exception. In fact, he told her, as plainly as he could, to mind her own business.

The result was that the letter produced a permanent estrangement between Mrs. Lawson and Reggie. Reggie had not been politic enough; he saw that now. But *policy* and *finesse* were not his concerns at all. He was too honest and good a fellow to calculate remote chances and trim his conduct thereby. Yet he had the mortification of seeing that promised Christmas holiday recede farther and farther from him. He could not now go and stay with the woman who had, for whatever reasons, attempted to sow the seeds of discord between himself and May.

He wrote to May, but said nothing to her of her aunt's letter to him. He would not make mischief between the two women. But still he could not refrain from mentioning what he had heard in a general way. In truth, he was a little ruffled all the same at hearing that May was admired and sought for and courted and flattered by men who, from the world's point of view, were most eligible parties. If he had

been quite himself, he would have enjoyed the fun of the thing; but he was worried and overworked and run down in body and spirit. He alluded to May's admirers in a tone which, poor fellow! he had intended to be, and which he honestly thought, was humorous and playful, but in May's eyes it read far otherwise.

As for May, she was vexed at what he wrote. She thought it unworthy of him. She was miserable enough now in her relations with her aunt; they rarely spoke to one another, except at meals and before the servants. For the first time she began to realise her utter dependence upon her aunt. She knew she had not a penny in the world. Yet she could not go on much longer living with a relentless, cruel woman, to whom her presence was evidently hateful. She was wretched all day; she could not sleep at night. She began to grow pale and ill. And now the letters from Reggie, which used to be such a joy and support to her, became changed. The old frank, easy manner had vanished from this last letter. It was strained, artificial; under a thin veil of badinage it showed distrust. What had she done to deserve this from him? Had she not been so unhappy and overwrought, had she been herself—the "Merry May," as Reggie had loved to call her in the old days—she would have written the most provoking of rejoinders, full of fun and high spirits. But now? Her spirits seemed to have forsaken her.

Again, from what source had Reggie learnt all this absurd stuff about admirers? She could not be in a moment's doubt about that. Oh! how he must have fallen from the high pedestal where her love had placed him, to write to her in that mocking strain. She was angry, and anger is the worst counsellor. She wrote back to him a very short note. It said little, but it conveyed much—her surprise, her disappointment, her resentment.

After all, courteous reader, it was only a lovers' quarrel. Had they met then and there, he and she, they would have flown to one another's arms; he would have confessed his folly, she would just have leaned her head on his shoulder; a tear or two in her eye, a lump in his throat, kisses, peace, joy, and all would have been over, and no more remembered than the passing shower when the sky is all blue again. Alas! that it could not be so! They were parted by many miles; each of them was living under unnatural tension; each was morbidly sensitive, morbidly irritable.

The crisis had come for May. She determined on a desperate course. One morning she called to see her friend, Dr. Norman—him who had already been talked of as a devoted admirer. She was ushered into his surgery.

"My dear Miss Farcroft!" he cried, on entering, "you are not well; I can see that!"

"Thank you, Dr. Norman; but I have not come to see you about that. I really am well enough—in body: but I am too worried in mind. You once told me that you desired nothing more than to be my friend."

"Ah, Miss Farcroft, that is only too true;" and the little doctor looked at her with earnest, longing eyes.

"You can be my friend now, if you will. I have come to ask you for your help. I am very unhappy at home; I need not tell you why—it would not interest you to know. But I cannot stay there any longer: I am wretched and lonely and forsaken." The poor girl broke down, and wept freely.

The young doctor was much embarrassed. He tried to say a word of comfort to cheer her as well as he could. With a great effort she pulled herself together.

"Please forgive this absurd exhibition," she said. She brought herself under control, when she thought how foolishly she was behaving, and began to be angry with herself for failing so at the outset. "I have told you, Dr. Norman, the plain fact—I must leave St. Hilary."

Beauty in distress never fails to touch a man's heart; it would have been strange if May's distress had not touched the heart of the susceptible little doctor. He was tormented with sorrow for her sake.

"Miss Farcroft," he began. Then he stopped short, as if to consider what to say. At length he went on in stammering fashion. "Don't leave St. Hilary. Why should you? Why shouldn't you—er—stay? Why shouldn't you?" . . . He paused again. He took a step forward to the chair on which she was sitting. He caught her gloved hand in his. His chivalry of nature shrank at first from making a confession of love to the distressed girl before him; yet what was there to prevent him from asking her to be his wife? She was lonely, friendless: he was a successful and prosperous young doctor. She was without a home; he would offer her his home. He would offer her all he was and all he had, just for herself—her and her only. Yes, he would ask her: he would be her friend, her protector, her husband.

May felt what was coming. With a woman's insight she grasped the situation. In a moment it all flashed through her mind. Here was a man comfortably off, a professional man with a good income and excellent prospects, who would offer her a devoted heart, who would work for her, and love her and cherish her. It was a strong temptation. She did not love him; she had given her love to one man irrevocably; but he loved her, and she felt she could always be grateful to the kind little doctor who would have taken her in her poverty and misery. For a moment she wavered: it would have been such an easy solution of all her difficulties; it would place her above the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune: but Reggie . . . the thought of Reggie: yes, the love of Reggie was still supreme in her heart when the push came.

She rose from her chair. She let her hand lie in the doctor's hand as she spoke.

"I know, Dr. Norman, what you would say,

and, believe me, I thank you with all my heart. But it cannot be; and if I may not seek your help as a friend merely, I must go."

She spoke sadly. It was the doctor's judgment sentence. He bowed his head.

"Miss Farcroft, I will do anything for you."

May sat down once again.

"It is just this: I am going to be a hospital nurse!"

"A hospital nurse?"

"Quite so: I have made up my mind. But I am ignorant how to go about the matter, and I want you to tell me. But, first, you must promise me you will say nothing about my having come to you for help."

"Certainly," replied Dr. Norman. Under any circumstances he was not likely to talk about their interview for his own sake, still less was he likely to do so now that May had asked him to remain silent.

She continued her inquiries, which the good little doctor answered. He plainly saw that she could not take a step without money; and money she had none. How was she to be supplied? He knew she would not accept any as a gift from him. He would lend her some. The question was, how to propose this to her. A happy thought struck him.

"At my hospital," he said, "there should be a fund for helping nurses at the start." There was no such fund, but might not one be created for the occasion? "I will write to our president, who is a particular friend of my old father's, and I am sure I can get help for you. It will come through me. You will pay it back according to arrangement with me, so that the hospital need not know your indebtedness." The whole proposal was an elaborate fiction, but May did not know. She little dreamt that the fund was derived from Dr. Norman's own capital, and the grant would probably be a cheque on his bankers.

"I will write at once," continued the doctor. "Come and see me to-morrow, and I will give you all necessary details."

They shook hands. May was deeply grateful to her friend, who was more her friend than she could have suspected. She looked at him with a sisterly confidence out of her frank blue eyes.

"Thank you so much," she said. "I feel better already;" and her heightened colour seemed to support the truth of her words. "You are very good and kind, Dr. Norman. God bless you!"

She was gone in a moment. The little doctor returned to his consulting-room.

Though in honour bound to reserve, he did not lose heart. He would see May again. He would be having constant communications with her—only business communications, of course—but still, who should say what might come of these? It was a great point in his favour that she had reposed such confidence in him: that confidence might grow and ripen into a stronger and tenderer feeling. Yes, faint heart never won fair lady. She

was fair: no one had ever accused him of being faint-hearted: well, then, the result was next to certain.

When the arrangements were completed, May announced to her aunt one morning that she was going to be a nurse. Her aunt listened in silence. Some kind of compunction was at work in her heart.

"Child," she said, "you will want money."

"I have friends who are helping me," answered May proudly.

"Friends, fiddle-de-dee! I shall not let you go moneyless. I think you are taking a right and proper step to earn your own living in the world"—Mrs. Lawson spoke harshly—"but you must have money. Indeed, I have some which belongs to you yourself: a little saved from the general wreck. It is no gift from me; it is your just right. I have invested it in your name: it is a mere trifle, but now you are no longer to be under my roof I think you ought to have it. I shall tell my lawyer to send it to you at the address you shall give me."

Thus May started, not so badly equipped after all; and the daughter of proud old Mr. Farcroft, Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace, of the firm of Farcroft, Bean & Somerville, was established as a nurse at St. Nathaniel's Hospital, London.

# V.

"THE little rift within the lute" seemed to threaten by-and-by to make the music mute. Reggie conjured before himself visions of May amusing herself, going to parties now at the Deanery, now at this Canon's, now at that Canon's: he vexed his soul with imagining her receiving and encouraging the advances of various admirers, and he thought, he could not help thinking, of what he had given up for her sake, of what she knew he had given up. He was immersed in his East-End work; the life of a lady of fashion seemed so painful a contrast to the hard struggles which he witnessed for the bare necessities of life that he was almost shocked to read of the frivolous idleness of the Close, of the worldliness and vanity in all of which May felt no qualm in taking a part. He became, as men do who see only the squalid side of human existence, almost fierce in his denunciations of the harmless relaxations of respectable society. He was becoming almost unable to see all the facts of life in their true and proper perspective.

Yet May was everything to him still. In the solitude of his own room, in the silence of the night his thoughts went back to the old days; but such thoughts, when he was busily astir in the great swirling tide of life and work, seemed to him mere weakness. Was he, however, to take his own way apart from May? Was he to allow the meddlesome interference of this aunt to separate him completely from the girl his heart yearned for? If not—and he determined that it should not—how was May to be soothed?



how was the old love to be restored? If he could have seen her, it might have been explained in a few minutes: he could have said that he did not mean all he had written in that unlucky letter, that he wrote it on the impulse of the moment, while his mind was irritated by work and worry, and he was scarcely responsible for the way in which he had expressed himself. Then his wounded pride and the unworthy jealousy would return and master him, and hold him from making any approach. Such a conflict could not last long. The agitation was too painful. Love or pride must conquer. He had waited long enough, and May had made no sign. He, after all, was the offender; he could not blink his eyes to that.

So he wrote once more to May. If the letter had been written with his heart's blood, it could not have wronged him more. He felt how unworthy, how unmanly his action had been, and he told her so. He made no excuses for himself; he left May to do that for him. He simply told her that his life was miserable without the full assurance of her sympathy, that he had been in the wrong entirely. Could she forgive him? After what had passed, he could not come to St. Hilary; would she come and stay with his mother? He besought her, entreated her, appealed to her: let them be friends and sweet-hearts once again.

It was a transparently sincere letter. May could not resist its tender appeal and honest confessions: that is to say, she could not have resisted them if they had ever reached her. But the letter arrived from London on the evening of the day that May left her aunt for good. Mrs. Lawson had two minds about sending it on; but the bad feeling triumphed.

"Only some lover's trash and nonsense from that idiot of a Reggie!" she cried, as she flung the letter unopened into the fire.

Such was the destination of the letter which Reggie had fondly hoped was to bring his dear girl palpitating back to his arms.

He waited day after day for the answer which never came. His heart grew sick with the hope so long deferred. Could it be possible that May had forgotten him, had cast him off for ever, for one fault? Was her gentle bosom so relentless? was her woman's heart so hard? It could not be! Yet why did she not answer? There remained the ugly fact of her persistent silence, which there was no gainsaying. Come what may, he would go down to St. Hilary and see her, and receive his sentence from those lips he loved so well, if his doom must be pronounced. Yes: he would go to-morrow.

It was night in the streets of that squalid East End. The pavements were thronged. There were pale women and haggard men, dirty shoeless children, loud-voiced and harsh-laughing young women with a pile of feathers in the jaunty hat of the fashion, costers and labourers, old men and hobble-de-hoys, a rushing stream of care and recklessness, of

noisy pleasure and silent grief, of tears and laughter, of innocence and crime. The gin-palaces were aflame with lights, as attractive to the men and women as the candle-flame to the fascinated moth. Reggie was hurrying homewards from a mission service. His heart was heavy with disappointment at the little progress he felt he was making against all this tide of poverty and irreligion, and with anxiety for the morrow and what would happen at St. Hilary. He had not yet learnt the great Master's lesson to take no anxious thought for the morrow.

As he strode along, deep in his reflections, he was aroused by feeling a tug at his coat. He looked down and saw a poor child, a little girl whom he recognised as attending his Sunday School.

"Well, Nellie," he cried to her cheerily, "what are you doing out here so late at night?"

"Oh, 'taint lite for me, sir: I see yer comin' along. I was that glad, sir! There's awful doin's down our court, sir!"

"Why, what's the matter, Nellie?"

"Oh, father and another man—Billy Johnson, don't you know the nime, sir?—'e and father's 'avin' a fight; all about mother. Do come and stop 'em, sir!"

Reggie took the child's hand and let her lead him. She trembled all over; the little thing was frightened; but she kept talking all the time to her friend, so high above her.

"Yer see, sir, it was jist this wiy. Mother was 'avin' a little drop at *The Gripes* when father 'e come 'ome. 'Where's yer mother?' sez 'e. 'At *The Gripes*, father!' sez I. 'Oh!' sez 'e: an' I could see as 'ow 'e meant mischief. 'E'd been a-drinkin' an' a-booizin' 'isself, I c'd see that quite pline. So I follers, an' I sees 'im go inter the pub, an' there he finds mother a-drinkin' with Billy Johnson. I didn't wite to see no more. I know'd there'd be a fight: so I come runnin' to your plice; but, as good luck 'd 'ave it, I met yer, sir!"

They were by this time at the head of the court—a dismal, ill-lighted, blind alley, consisting of small, badly built, old houses. Reggie hesitated involuntarily for a moment. The child led him forward.

"Don't yer be afride, sir! They none of 'em won't touch you!"

Reggie seemed to be going into the very jaws of hell. A fight was going on, that was certain. A woman was mixed up in it somehow. She was trying, ineffectually indeed, to part the combatants. There were shrieks and shouts, oaths and curses, coarse ribald jokes and drunken laughter—all heard together. To a man brought up as a gentleman, in refined society, the sights and sounds were horrible.

Reggie was, however, no stranger to drunken riot and brawl. The experience of his old Oxford days had often stood him in good stead; and the lessons he had, in undergraduate days, received from the Banbury Pet enabled him to look after himself in the mixed society, as he called it, of such dens as this of Providence



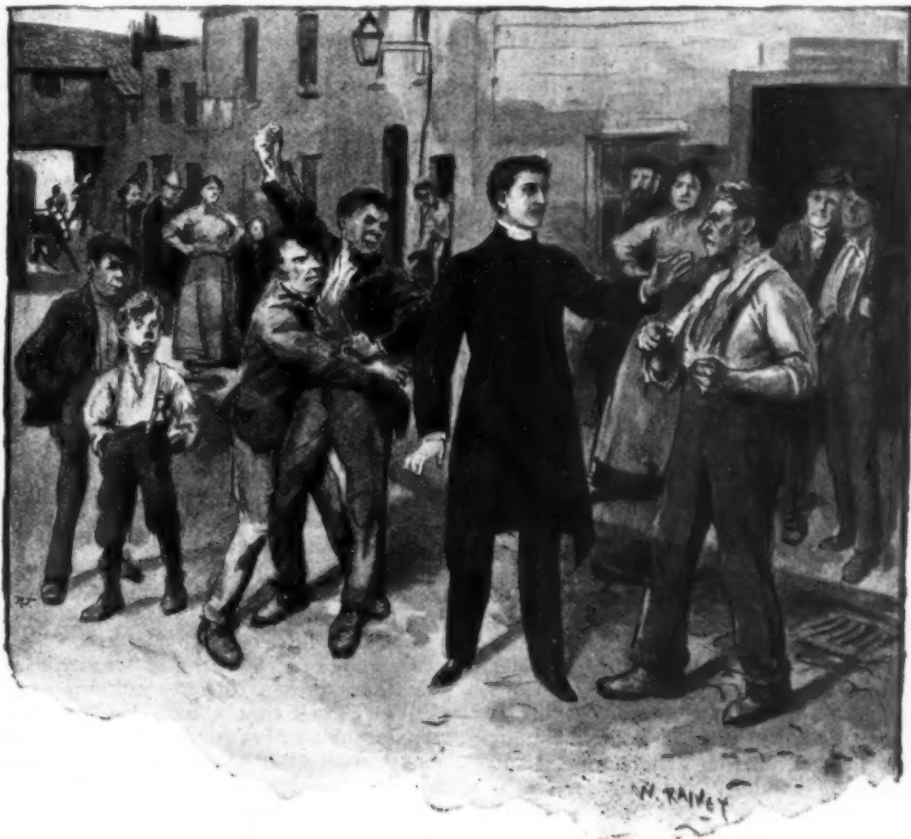
Court. He saw in a moment what was going on: two more or less drunken men were fighting. He recognised Nellie's father, who was being badly punished by the other, a taller, heavier man. No ring was kept. The crowd surged this way and that, as the men shifted their ground. There was no such thing as fair play in the fight: and confusion was still worse confounded by the interference of the shrieking, raging woman.

Reggie buttoned his coat close round him, and was in the centre of the crowd in a moment.

intention of hitting Reggie at all; but he struck him just as he turned, and knocked him down. The blow was doubtless meant for Billy Johnson, but Reggie had the misfortune to be in the way; and it brought him down. He fell forward and thrust out his hands to save himself. But he fell, and in falling struck his head.

He lay there in the dirty gutter, like one dead.

The wretched denizens of Providence Court had already recognised their friend: there were few there who did not know that long, lank



"BRAYVO!" CRIED A VOICE, "'ERE'S THE PARSON!"

"Brayvo!" cried a voice, "'ere's the parson!"

"Bli' me!" answered another, "it's Mr. Grey!"

"'E knows 'ow to look arter 'isself, Bill! I bet 'e ain't 'ad the knuckle-dusters on never, oh, no!"

"Oh, ay, I siy, what's the row now?"

There was a sudden fall, a cry, and a momentary hush fell even on that brawling crowd. Reggie was lying motionless in the gutter. In interfering between the two men he had turned on Billy Johnson, to stop him, and thus his back was towards Nellie's father. The latter hit out blindly, with no definite

form and pale face. A storm of indignation burst upon the poor half-drunken man who had unwittingly brought Reggie to the ground. A free fight ensued. Men and women raged and struck and tore at each other. It was difficult to believe that the scene was Christian England; it was difficult not to believe that the people were wild beasts in some sort of human form.

Presently a couple of policemen came; then a third. "Peelers," as they were called, never ventured alone into Providence Court; they came in couples at the least. The representatives of law and authority—such is the impressiveness of a uniform—soon awed the

raging rabble, and got the rioters well in hand. A stretcher was sent for. With the nearest approach to tenderness of which they were capable those savage roughs helped to place the unconscious clergyman upon it; and with as little delay as possible he was carried off to St. Nathaniel's Hospital.

It seemed a serious case. The period of unconsciousness was a prolonged one: there was no telling how the case might turn out. For some days the patient was kept in a darkened room. There had been concussion of the brain, and the utmost care was necessary. Still, as time went on and no graver symptoms appeared, the doctors were sanguine that with perfect rest and quiet he would recover and suffer no permanent injuries.

The weary hours, the tedious days, dragged on. Life seemed to Reggie, for the first time in his experience, dull and slow. He was in no pain now; he had simply to lie there and do nothing. What a contrast it was to the feverish activity of the last few months!

The doctor had told him that he must keep perfectly quiet, and, if possible, think of nothing at all. Think of nothing at all! As if that were possible! This passive existence seemed but to invite him to do nothing else than think. Then he would have intervals when his mind would be almost a blank; and he would come to himself again and wonder what he had been thinking about. But in the silence and darkness there was for him but one thought; or, rather, many thoughts all centring round one being. He thought only of May. He thought of the days of their happy light-hearted love at Rudlows, of her sorrow, of their meeting—how sweet it was!—in the old churchyard, of their parting. Oh, how he longed to see her again! What was she doing at St. Hilary that she still was vexed with him? How cruel it seemed, just as he was going to see her, to be struck down! Did she know how ill he had been? And so a thousand questions chased one another through his brain. And thus, dozing and waking, dreaming and thinking, day succeeded day: until one morning. Reggie will never forget that morning.

A strange footstep sounded near him.

He turned and gave half a glance.

Ah, only a nurse! He turned over again.

The nurse did not move: she remained still by his side. What had she come for? Why did she say nothing? No; it was not yet time for his medicine. What did the good woman want? He turned again with a feeling, half of impatience, half of curiosity. He fixed his eyes on her and she on him.

"May!"

"Reggie!"

And then I regret to be obliged to chronicle the fact that that young nurse was guilty of a breach of the rules of the institution to which she belonged. She kissed the patient; she allowed the patient to kiss her.

What rhetoric, my dear young lady, is there

in one kiss! It is a speech for the plaintiff, a speech for the defendant, summing-up, and verdict—all in one little pressure. What medicine, too, is in a kiss! What a tonic is it to head and heart!

Whether it was due to this one kiss that Reggie recovered as by magic, or whether May was careful to ascertain first that Reggie's recovery was practically assured before she stole to his bedside, I am not competent to determine. It is enough that he did recover, and before long was at work again in the old energetic way.

The reconciliation between May and Reggie was complete; the misunderstanding made plain: faults acknowledged: all atoned for. Good little Dr. Norman at length saw that his case was hopeless. It was astonishing how often he had found it necessary to run up from St. Hilary to his old hospital. Now it was to consult the president; now to refer to some curious object in the museum; now to ask the advice of one of the staff on some point: never did he admit to himself the true reason—to see May! She was always pleased to see him. Had he not been her friend in need? But she could never be anything nearer than this; and now he understood why. Reggie and he became very good friends—all the better friends perhaps because neither he nor May ever told Reggie the story of that money which had started May, and which May had repaid with the deepest gratitude.

Reggie and May were just the old lovers again, purified as by fire. They had passed through the crucible of trial: they had come to know adversity and sorrow: they had come to see how there are worse things in the world than being poor.

And Mrs. Lawson: what of her?

When the fury of her bad temper was over, she was a prey to the keenest remorse. She said to herself that Canon Hartley had been amusing himself with her, as he had amused himself with other silly women, and as he would continue to amuse himself to the end of the chapter. Her conduct to her niece appeared in its true light; she saw that she had been jealous of her without a cause; that she herself had been guilty of what, in a kinswoman, was nothing short of a crime when she let May go out into the world with no one near her to protect her; that she had behaved with mean spite in writing as she had done to Reggie; and that she had done May a very grievous wrong in estranging her from her lover. But Mrs. Lawson was too proud to confess her fault and ask forgiveness. The idea of kneeling to May was insupportable. Yet her conscience would not let her rest till she had made reparation for the wrong she had done. Accordingly she instructed her lawyer to pay her niece, May Farcroft, an annuity of a hundred pounds a year; which May received under the impression that the money came from some recently realised part of her father's

estate. She knew nothing of law (what pretty young woman ever did?); she had once been rich, and what was more natural than that she should receive a little of her father's wealth, even though he had failed?

May gave up nursing—at least, professionally. She nurses now, in a way, occasionally; but she has more than a nurse's interest in her charge. She and Reggie have been married more than a year. She will not hear of his leaving his work at the East End—for a time, at least; and she, in her wise little way, does not let her husband's zeal outrun his physical strength. He does quite as much real work, and perhaps more real work than ever; for she directs and controls his activities, although he has not the faintest idea that she is the general of his fighting forces, and makes him do what she thinks best and wisest. They are very happy in their comfortable little home. Sometimes they go to pay a visit to old Mrs. Grey, who grows very infirm, although May has not been lately; but she intends to go when

the days are quite warm, that she may sit out in the little garden. She will take the baby with her then; for the old lady is longing to see Reggie's boy.

May is proud of her boy, and proud of his name too. He was christened Norman, and the worthy doctor was his godfather.

Mrs. Lawson knows that May has a child. She saw the announcement in the "Times"; and she heard all about the christening from Dr. Norman, who was astonished—after all he knew and guessed at—that Mrs. Lawson should profess herself interested in the event at all.

Whether Mrs. Lawson will ever swallow her pride; whether she will go and make a clean breast of it to her niece; whether she will prove the sincerity of her sorrow and of her desire for reconciliation, by letting it be known that it is from *her* purse that May's annuity comes, and that May will ultimately succeed to her property, it is impossible to say. No one can dogmatise about the future. All I will say, however, is that stranger things than those *have* happened.

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## The Blind Child.

"OH, tell me if this earth lies fair:  
By day, beneath a bright pale blue,  
By night, all bathed in silver rays,  
And in the morning wet with dew!

"Oh, tell me how the streamlet flows  
Through wide green fields; and if with light,  
Beneath the sun, as I am told,  
It flashes with a sparkle bright!

"Oh, tell me whether sounds I hear  
At early morn, sweet notes around,  
Come from the birds, and if they fly  
High, high, above the misty ground!

"And tell me where the violets blow,  
Those little things that smell so sweet  
And whether, when I walk abroad,  
The daisies blossom round my feet;

"And if the wood is very dark  
And lonesome, for, if I could see,  
I'm sure I should not think it so;  
For everything is dark to me."

I told her of the sky above,  
And of the beauteous earth below;  
Of the pale moon, which shone by night  
And of the bank where violets blow.

I told her that the streamlet flowed,  
Flashing and sparkling, cool and clear,  
Through fields of emerald, where bright flowers  
Blossomed around, both far and near.

I told her of the skylark's song,  
And of the rainbow's coloured span;  
And of the wood, and of the hills,  
Of valleys, where broad rivers ran.

I would have told of rolling seas,  
Of mountains capped with glistening snow,  
But that I wept, that she should live  
Stranger to these she ne'er could know.

"Weep not for me, I am not sad;  
Though I would see that thing so high,  
Which rises when the storm clouds break  
And makes an arch across the sky.

"I am not sad; though I would look  
For one short day on these fair things:  
The flowers, the streamlets, and the wood,  
The fields, and birds with painted wings.

"My mother says there comes a time  
When I shall sleep, and, waking, find  
A world of gloriousness and light,  
For God's bright angels are not blind."

EDWARD MEDLAND WHITE.

THE REV. DR. DALLINGER, F.R.S.



*By permission of  
The Royal Microscopical Society.]*

*W H Dallinger*

THE annals of science and religion are happily by no means poor in names of men who have been distinguished in both ; and perhaps no more notable instance can be pointed to in our own day than that of the subject of this notice. The Rev. William Henry Dallinger, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., bears an eminent and honoured name in the world of science. It would, in fact, be difficult to mention any living scientist whose work has brought him so much in touch at once with the *élite* of biologists on the one hand, and on the other with the great industrial populations of England, who so often form the most coveted of the audiences of the scientific lecturer.

Plymouth has contributed more than one eminent name to the roll of Wesleyan ministers,

and it was here—or rather at Devonport, adjoining—that Dr. Dallinger was born, in the year 1841. But the Dallinger family were not Wesleyans. The parents were attached members of the Church of England, and their eldest son, William Henry, the subject of our sketch, was brought up until the age of young manhood in the same Communion. In his early years we find him developing that sense of inalienable personal responsibility which so often leads to an original career. The society of several Wesleyan missionaries, who had returned from abroad for a temporary stay in England, made a great impression upon him. Their views of the religious life and their delight in their chosen work solved many difficulties, and inspired him with quite a new



conception of his own possibilities. Dr. Dallinger, to this day, speaks with admiration of the type of men then for the first time brought to his notice and of the large-hearted sympathy and enthusiasm which at that early age won him to Wesleyanism.

Young Mr. Dallinger was originally intended for the medical profession. A natural bent for science had been fostered in him at a very early age by the medical attendant of the family, who gave him his first microscope. But his newer experience led him to recast his conception of his future work, and strengthened the sense of a call to another sphere. In the year 1861 we find him entered at the Wesleyan College at Richmond as a student in theology.

His college days were brief. The "sixties" were not the years in the Wesleyan colleges when the student must necessarily remain under tutors and governors for a lengthy statutory term. Applications for new preachers and workers in the cities and villages were urgent, and any young man of decided preaching capacity was speedily detached from hall and college to begin his actual ministerial career.

Such a student was found in Mr. Dallinger. He had come from Devonport not only with an equipment above that of the average university graduate, but fresh with new conviction and enthusiasm, and ready for the work of the pulpit.

After little more than three months of college training, Mr. Dallinger was despatched to Faversham, in Kent, with full ministerial credentials and responsibility. The outlook was promising. To begin circuit work in the favourite English county, "the Garden of England," rather than in the slums of the great industrial towns, seemed at first a happy lot. But, alas! rural life is too often found to have not only a sordid and a squalid side, but greater difficulties and fewer encouragements than are found in our large towns.

Even under these untoward circumstances, we find the early tastes for natural history, acquired in boyish days at Plymouth, maintained and developed, and standing the young minister in good stead. The microscope, then in the course of its development into its present amazing powers, proved itself of admirable use on the social side of pastoral work. It opened a new world of beauty to unfamiliar eyes, introduced them to the mystery and the glory of Nature's commonest objects, and gave the preacher a new hold upon his flock.

After three years of work at Faversham, Mr. Dallinger was removed to Ashford, and thence to Cardiff, giving himself to the ordinary but arduous course of itinerant work of the Wesleyan circuit minister.

The year 1864 introduced Mr. Dallinger to a more conspicuous sphere of usefulness. He was invited by Dr. Morley Punshon to join him as assistant minister at Clifton, near Bristol. The invitation was accepted. For two years he shared with Dr. Punshon a work which he looks back upon to-day with grateful memories.

Residents at Clifton to-day tell of Mr. Dallinger's strenuous life at this period, when his mental equipment had at last adequate scope and exercise. We hear how, by persistent early rising, he continued and extended his academic studies in the Semitic, Greek, and German languages, and his reading in Church history, theology, and metaphysics, whilst keeping well abreast of contemporary work in natural science. The young men of Clifton at that time had excellent cause to remember Dr. Dallinger's helpful sympathy and guidance in their studies and the enlargement of their mental horizon.

In 1868 he removed to Liverpool, where he spent twelve years of pastoral and pulpit work at Grove Street, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, and the suburbs of Woolton and Waterloo. During this period, his favourite studies in natural history had taken the form of organised scientific research in the realm of micro-biology. The visit to Liverpool in 1869 of the British Association determined still further the scope of studies for the future principal of Wesley College, Sheffield, and president of one of the most eminent of London's learned societies.

About this time there occurred an event in the scientific world which created extraordinary interest. A well-known English man of science, Dr. Charlton Bastian, alleged that he had at last demonstrated by repeated experiments the truth of the theory of the spontaneous generation of life. The subject to-day has but little interest, but thirty or forty years ago it took rank as the most momentous question of the time. Dr. Bastian's experiments and conclusions received considerable attention from the Royal Society; they were seriously discussed in social circles, and it was generally considered that vital religious issues were involved. Did the lowest forms of life really develop spontaneously, without parentage, and from non-vital inorganic material? and did not this conception attribute to Nature an automatic character, and make her independent of the Creator?

It was this alleged discovery that gave Mr. Dallinger his opportunity. By this time he was no novice in the observation of the lower, minute, microscopical forms of life. Doubting the adequacy of the methods employed not only by Dr. Bastian, but by his thirty years' precursors in Germany, he proceeded to examine the subject entirely *de novo*, with no bias or hostility, but purely as a matter of evidence. For nearly four years he gave the whole of his leisure to the life-history of the organisms in question. The result is embodied in a series of papers by himself and his colleague, Dr. Drysdale, which have become classic in microscopical science.

The methods of investigation employed were even more than German in their ingenuity and the indomitable patience and persistence with which they were pursued. For instance, they involved the task of watching with the highest microscopical powers, for a space of nine hours at a time, and without a moment's intermission,

the development and life-history of an almost incredibly minute monad. Unceasing watch was kept over this little speck of life, from its beginning as a mere sporule, through the successive phases it assumes from infancy up to parentage, and through alternate generations until the life cycle begins again with a sporule progeny, which repeat the life history of the species. The difficulties attending so prolonged an investigation—such as keeping the same drop of water and the same organism under the microscope for hours together—are only known to specialists. The infant forms have only a dimension of  $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th of an inch, whilst the lens employed for the magnification was only  $\frac{1}{80}$ th of an inch in diameter, and therefore extremely difficult to work with. Fortunately, in his friend and neighbour, Dr. Drysdale, Mr. Dallinger had a competent and trustworthy colleague to share his nine hours' watch upon these "minims of Nature," which probably had never before played so eventful a part in the world's history.

Messrs. Dallinger's and Drysdale's observations were repeated again and again, and always with the same result—the proof not only of the descent of the organism from a parent, but of its specific identity with that parent: a fact which had been denied. But the crowning refutation of Dr. Bastian's conclusions was yet to come. By repeating Dr. Bastian's own experiments, Mr. Dallinger showed that whilst it was true that the adult monads perish at a heat of  $62^{\circ}$  C., the spores easily survive—indeed, that they can successfully resist more than twice that temperature.

Dr. Bastian had, in fact, owing to his imperfect microscopical means, completely overlooked the existence of the monads in their "sporule condition," being unfamiliar with the earlier history of these lowly organisms; and it was these almost ultra-microscopical forms which, after a short time, grew into sudden visibility, suggesting the occurrence of "spontaneous generation."

Mr. Dallinger's success was complete and unchallenged, accepted by friends and foes alike. It was all the more signal as the work of a non-partisan, avoiding polemics, and maintaining throughout an ingenuous and open mind. Mr. Dallinger had declined from the first to say that the spontaneous generation of life was impossible, or to lay down the lines on which the Great Giver of Life might be pleased to work. But he held that the interpretation of natural processes should be safeguarded with the most scrupulous care. In the present case he held the verdict of "Not Proven" to be sufficient, and from that day to this the verdict has been undisturbed.

These epoch-making investigations gave Dr. Dallinger at once a distinguished position in the scientific world. The recognition and encouragement he received from the British Association confirmed his sense of a call to the work of microscopical biology. He was invited to read a paper before the Royal Institution of

Great Britain, he received a grant of £100 from the Royal Society to aid him in further work, he lectured by request before the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, on the subject of the "Origin of Life, illustrated by the life-histories of the least and lowest organisms in Nature," and in the year 1880 the Fellowship of the Royal Society was bestowed upon him in recognition of his labours.

But Mr. Dallinger during these busy years was still the working and painstaking Wesleyan minister. He was taking his full share of preaching and pastoral duties. "At Liverpool, as at Clifton," says a correspondent, "he made a name for himself as a most thoughtful and earnest preacher. Bringing to his sermons the student's habit of mind which governs all his work, he has never spared himself the severest mental discipline in preparing for the pulpit, and in presenting his hearers with his best thoughts in worthy language, enlivened and enriched with the results of his fruitful studies in the natural world."

Mr. Dallinger's new distinctions were fully appreciated by the Wesleyan community, and in 1880 he was invited to become Principal of Wesley College, Sheffield. He decided to accept the office, and accordingly left Liverpool in the August of that year. He devoted eight remarkably successful years to the work, aided by a sympathetic council, developing the modern side of the college, imparting his own ideals of the student "fully furnished to all good works," and honoured at the end of his Sheffield career with a public leave-taking, at which the citizens of all religious denominations took part, the Church of England being specially represented. Not the least of the rewards of such a work are the permanent ties the teacher forms with the students whom he has sent forth with his own impress to their various eventful spheres of life, who, in after days, write from all parts of the world in affectionate remembrance of the happy seed-time, strenuous husbandry, and devout fellowships of college life.

Another notable event in Dr. Dallinger's career was his delivery of the "Fernley Lecture" of 1887, which made so profound an impression and created considerable discussion both within and beyond the Wesleyan communion. His lecture was entitled "The Creator, and what we may know of the Method of Creation." It would be difficult to point to any more luminous survey of recent cosmological science. It summarises, moreover, the writer's thoughts on evolution. To Dr. Dallinger, with his position in the scientific world and his standing as a religious teacher, it seemed that the time had come for an unequivocal and simple treatment of this subject; for he had been one of the first to appreciate the momentous character of the new interpretation of the order of nature and the new views of creative method which they implied. The address, which was subsequently published, is the profoundly serious and reverential plea of a devout scientific mind for the providential

evolution of the world and of man, whilst, at the same time, modern materialism in its renascent form has, perhaps, never been more clearly and fairly grappled with. When the apologetics of the century come to be reviewed, it may be found that no more potent voice has been raised from the ranks of science on behalf of the supernatural in nature than that of Dr. Dallinger.

For the last twelve years Dr. Dallinger has devoted himself to the microscopical and biological studies which have so fully justified his choice. He has at the same time retained his *status* as a Wesleyan minister, but without pastoral charge. This position was without a precedent. The Wesleyan body gladly recognised the claims which science had established upon so distinguished a worker, and his desire still to serve the cause of religion by his pulpit teaching and ministrations, and accordingly Dr. Dallinger's eloquent sermons are very frequently heard not only in Methodist pulpits but in those of other evangelical communions.

The more popular side of Dr. Dallinger's work has yet to be noticed. Dr. Dallinger, it hardly needs to be said, is known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the prophet and expositor to eager audiences of the world of wonders which the microscope reveals. But for his great gifts in this capacity, and his intense sympathy with the myriads of our working people who crave to know more of the hidden world of beauty and mystery all around them, the achievements of the "armed eye of science" would have remained comparatively unknown to hundreds of thousands of our toiling fellow-men. The uses to which even a cheap and simple "magnifying glass" may be put for the apocalypse of the "small things of Nature," are but little known, although they bring with them a new gift of sight under the instructions of such a teacher; but the advance to the more skilled and scientific use of the refined and complex compound microscope, with its six or eight lenses combined into one, and its accessory apparatus of almost incredible ingenuity, is almost unspeakable. In this form the instrument has become one of the greatest gifts of civilisation for recreative as well as scientific purposes. Only a thorough master of its resources and an accomplished naturalist in addition, knowing both what and how to observe, could do justice to such an organism, and exhibit and expound its achievements to the ordinary mind. To this work Dr. Dallinger has brought not only rare intellectual gifts and wonderful manipulative and artistic skill; he has added a seriousness of aim and an eloquence of speech not seldom rising into a reverence and solemnity which ennoble the subject and the audience alike.

Only those who have been present at one of Dr. Dallinger's popular lectures, such as he delivers when on his annual winter tours of the manufacturing towns in the Midlands and the North, can understand the vogue of the microscope in his hands, as he initiates his hearers into the almost miraculous power of second sight. None of Nature's prodigalities are too common for the lecturer to start with. The lowly moss on the garden wall, holding up its tiny urn to the sunlight; or the favourite window plant of the cottager, with a starry panoply, invisible to the naked eye, on every leaf, its exquisite radii of flint-clad hairs glistening in the light; the housewife's brick-dust, composed of invisible atomies so minute that 150,000,000 of them lie within the one-hundredth part of a cubic inch—these are some of the more commonplace wonders which pave the vestibule of microscopical science.

The step onwards to the revelation of the "apochromatic" lenses of later years is almost a revolution. A glance into Dr. Dallinger's *magnum opus*—his memorable edition of Carpenter's "The Microscope and its Revelations"—will reveal to us the achievements of the newer lenses which have just opened a fresh era in the ever-expanding science.

Dr. Dallinger has not lacked the honours which Universities and learned Societies can confer. He has held the office of Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, he has received the degree of LL.D. from the Victoria University, the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Dublin, and the D.C.L. of the University of Durham. He holds, moreover, the degree of D.Sc., as a graduate of the London University. Perhaps the honour to which he attaches most importance was his election as secretary to the Royal Microscopical Society, in succession to a long dynasty of the most eminent men of science. It was in this capacity that he delivered the touching *éloge* on the death of his honoured predecessor, Dr. Carpenter, whose literary work he has, at the cost of immense and self-denying labours, expanded and developed to almost cyclopædic dimensions.

In his quiet home at Lea, where he has had a laboratory specially constructed for his purposes, Dr. Dallinger still carries on the researches into the life history of the micro-organisms which he began at Liverpool with such memorable results, and which of late years have assumed such pathogenic importance. Nor does he give up to science what was meant for mankind. By sermon and lecture he still finds his joy in keeping in touch with his fellow-men, the learned and the unlearned alike, and sharing with them the treasure-trove of his arduous life.

HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.





## Second Thoughts on Books and Men.

HERACLEITUS thought that war was the father of all things, and modern thinkers from Malthus downwards have restated this doctrine in scientific form, explaining all things by the struggle for existence and the principle of natural selection. According to this view natural selection expresses the purpose of the universe, and Nature works like an artist who makes many sketches before deciding on the final embodiment of the idea. But nothing in these theories explains the creative impulse. They explain phenomena consequent upon over-production, but why the production takes place at all remains as inexplicable as before.

Evolution may whip the top and keep it spinning, but who started it and who handed the whip to Evolution?

Neither the marble nor the chisel makes the statue, but the mind and hand of the sculptor.

We talk about the struggle with Nature as if Nature were a power outside us. What would we be without the forces of Nature? What are we but a part of Nature? Is Nature at war with itself?

And so the progress of the world is owing to the inexorable law of natural selection! In the universe there is nothing isolated and everything is relative to everything else, and there is a force in the fitness of things. If we are too tall for the archway, we must stoop or stop. With our own hands we cannot lift stones beyond our strength. The size of the fish

caught depends upon the mesh. The spirit of the whole is in each part, reducing all to symmetry and shape. Natural selection is not a force but a formula.

Natural selection is the sieve by which the strong are separated from the weak, those who are to survive from those who perish. But why should there be men at all? They may have been moulded by a process of natural selection, but were they created by it? And what of the end to which all is tending? Is it the blind movement of the belt over the driving-wheel which works the pattern in the web? The action of undirected force may produce something. Can it produce the beautiful or the good? And if direction is needed, whence the direction—who directs? The statue is struck into life out of the marble by the chisel. But the chisel must be guided by mind. It must be in the hands of the sculptor, otherwise it might cut for ever without producing anything but chips. Indeed, as the chisel itself is the creation of mind, so the inexorable laws of Nature are the work of Divine reason in the world and prove to us its existence.

If the progress of the world turns upon accidental variations, then the accidental becomes the most highly rational, for these variations must be approved by the universal system of things; they can only persist if they harmonise with the sum total.

There is a period in the education of the human race when the laws of Nature cease to



be masters and become friends in council. The spring of action, the directing force, is no longer outside man but within. He is no longer urged along by the goad of Nature, but guided by the star of reason. No longer dragged behind Nature's triumphal car, he takes his rightful place and guides the reins. The lessons he has learned have not been wasted, and he still learns, but not in the school of adversity where a mistake is followed by a blow. He no longer gropes his way in the dark from fact to fact, but reason illumines the path; he sees where he is going and he becomes conscious of his high destiny. He still continues to obey the laws of Nature because he recognises their validity. He knows the why and the wherefore, he sees that they are the laws of his own nature, not of an external tyrant. He still worships Nature's God, but his worship is no longer that of fear. He thinks of God as his father and his religion is love.

There are some interesting speculations of Aristotle on God and immortality in the eleventh book of his "Metaphysics." Unlike modern thinkers, he cannot assume those ideas as the keystone of his philosophy, he has laboriously to work his way backwards. His conclusions with regard to the Divine nature may be thus summarised: God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable, existing and acting in the highest form of actuality, simple, incapable of being aught other than Himself, the soul of the universe, the universe thinking itself, for from Him all things come, in Him all things are, to Him all things tend, and He alone is fully conscious of the whole. He is pure thought which is at the same time creative, immaterial, yet producing the material, unmoved and immovable, yet the source of motion. The God of Aristotle cannot be thought, cannot be imagined, save in the most imperfect way. Into the being of the Divine we enter somewhat in those rapturous ecstasies of pure contemplation which in ordinary lives are few and far between. The poet, the philosopher, the saint, in their divinest moments live in the light of this glory unspeakable. For a brief space on earth they are conscious of it, they see it. But all

creation lives and moves and has its being in God. From Him we came, in Him we are, and to Him we move. We struggle towards Him, we study His laws and learn to think His thoughts. The whole world travaileth and groaneth after God. This desire, this passionate striving of all creation after its Maker, is itself the Divine work. Obscure and misty are our best thoughts of Him, we feel that which we do not yet understand, but we work on in the assured hope that all will be made clear. We are as yet under tutelage, but the time is at hand when, the period of childhood past, we shall come of age and become joint heirs of the kingdom. Then shall be made clear to us the reason of all that is at present so puzzling, so contrary to the seeming wisdom of our immature thought, for we shall see things as they are. The laws of the Almighty shall then become our own, for we shall know fully that they are good.

It is easy for those who do not understand the learning and science of the present, but have merely acquired results which they can repeat by rote, it is easy for such to decry the past and triumph over the mistakes and superstitions of times gone by. The philosopher who seeks to explain the present looks for its roots in the past. The height of modern speculation can be appreciated fully only by him who has followed the faltering, oft-times wandering, steps of his predecessors, who tracked out the path to the summit. The errors of the past were partial truths. Are we quite sure that the truths of the present are not partial errors?

It is far more important to inherit the spirit of a great age than its wealth and power. The club of Hercules becomes a burthen to those who have not his thews and sinews. Liberal institutions without the spirit of liberty lead only to greater abuses. Better to inherit the power of commanding fortune than fortune itself. Intelligence is worth more than a library of books, health is better than ground-rents, and self-control than the directory of a gold mine.

ADAM RANKINE.



## MIDLAND SKETCHES.

### BEDFORD.



**B**EDFORD bears an unmistakable look of prosperity that gives it a character of its own. There is nothing about it of the old county town of the sleepy sort, with deserted streets and picturesque slums; but it is bright and busy as a first-rate watering-place in the season, with the same sort of well-dressed crowd and rather better shops, the shops being confined to a few of the thoroughfares; while of its thirty-three miles of streets—a mile to each thousand of its population—the most part seem to be broad roads, shaded with trees, and lined with good-sized houses that stand amid gardens abounding in shrubs and flowers.

Its manufactures may be dismissed in a paragraph. West of the railway station are the Queen's Works belonging to Messrs. Allen and Son, which removed to Bedford in 1894, and have grown so rapidly that the colony of Queen's Park is mainly due to them. Much of the auxiliary machinery on our men-of-war and ocean liners is made here—starting engines, steering engines, forced draught engines, pump-

ing engines, dynamo engines—in short, work of the newest kind requiring exceptional finish and skill. To the east of the railway on the other side of the river are the Britannia Works belonging to Messrs. Howard, where machinery of quite another sort—agricultural implements, and so forth—has been made for so many years that the names of the town and the firm are coupled together all round the world. With these two firms, to which we may perhaps add the Grafton Works on the Elstow Road, where lifts and hoists are made, we have practically exhausted Bedford's manufactories; and it is not to them that its prosperity is due.

"Why do people come to Bedford?" we asked Mr. Biss, one of the leading burgesses.

The reply was unhesitating, and substantially as follows: "It is a town of schools, where for twelve pounds a year you can get an education worth a hundred a year; but to get it you have to live here, and that is all the better for the children, as they are under home influence. Gentlefolks of fair incomes come

here—Indian officers and so on. They take a house for three years, and continue it on an annual tenancy until their boys and girls have finished school. Then they go; and some of them come back again to settle among the friends they have made here. The more that come, the more the schools thrive, and the more the town thrives." Hence it would seem that Bedford's prosperity is due in a large measure to its present administration, the chief of whose executive is Mr. T. S. Porter, the town clerk, and most of all to the founder of its schools, Sir William Harpur, to whom we must devote some attention.

Sir William  
Harpur.

Harpur or Harper—you can spell the name in either fashion—was born at Bedford in 1496, and found his way to London. When thirty-six years old he became, after the customary apprenticeship, a freeman of the Merchant Taylors' Company. History of the rememberable sort was then being made in the neighbourhood of his native town, for in that very year Cranmer held his court in Dunstable Priory, and there pronounced invalid King Henry's marriage with the Spanish Katharine, who, from her house at Ampthill, treated the whole proceedings with disdain.

Harpur seems to have made money rapidly. In those days of sumptuous apparel, his—if it was his—was the very trade to thrive; and in time he came to live in what was described as the best house in "Lumberd Strett," from which there was a good deal of trouble in ejecting his widow. That he moved with the times and kept his eyes open is tolerably clear from



SIR WILLIAM HARPUR.

the fact that, though he got his letters patent to establish his charity in the reign of Edward VI, he abstained from giving it any endowment until matters had settled down comfortably under Elizabeth. And he had the look of a shrewd business man, to judge from his portrait, which

we give herewith by permission of Mr. George Wells, the present Mayor of Bedford, in whose "Educational Advantages of Bedford" it appears.

Harpur's was one of the sixteen grammar schools licensed in 1552, the date of the letters patent being August 15, his object being, as stated, "to establish a grammar school for the education, institution, and instruction of children and youths in grammar and good manners, to endure for ever;" and his licence enabled him to purchase lands to the annual value of £40 to sustain the school and provide marriage gifts for poor maids, as well as help for poor children and alms for the poor of the town.

In 1553, during the few days that Jane was Queen of England, Harpur was elected Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company; the same year he became an alderman, and eight years afterwards, after serving as Sheriff in 1557, he was my Lord Mayor. It was a proud day for him, this October 29—for that was old Lord Mayor's Day, the change to November 9 being due to the eleven days dropped out in 1751 when the calendar was put right—and fortunately a quaint account of the spectacle remains to us in one of the brightest specimens of that spell-as-you-please period.

"The nuw mare," we read, "toke ys barge towward Westmynster, my nuw lord mare master Harper, with the althermen in ther skarlett, and all the craftes of London in ther leverye and ther barges with ther baners and stremers of evere occupasyon's armes; and ther was a goodly foist mad with stremars, targatts, and banars and gret shutyng of gunes and trumpets blohyng, and at XII of the cloke my lord mare and althermen landed at Powlles warffe and so to Powlles chyrcheyarde and ther met ym a pagant gorgiously mad, with childeryn with dyvers instrumentes playng and syngyng."

This pageant, arranged by Master John Shute at a cost of £12, and at which old Stow, the historian, was a "wiffler," was a great success. As the "nuw mare" was not of illustrious ancestry, the playwright of the period facetiously availed himself of all the past "harpers" he could remember, such as Orpheus, Amphion, Arion, Iopas, and King David, who, each in appropriate verse, had something to say regarding the virtues of the Bedford boy, King David pleasantly summing up the dialogue with—

"For why your gentle harper may  
With mildness bring about  
As much touching good government  
As they that be right stout.  
Wherefore rejoice ye Londoners  
And hope well of your mayor,  
For never did a milder man  
Sit in your chiefest chair"—

which was not far from the truth, as subsequent domestic differences seem to show.

In his mayoralty he had a quiet time. He it was who in November re-opened St. Paul's,



which had had its spire burnt down the previous July. He was the mayor whom the Queen requested to seize upon the bills in which her portrait appeared with that of Erik XIV, the Swedish king, whom she had just dismissed as a suitor. She had knighted Harpur at Westminster on February 15, and in July we hear of his raising a band of soldiers for service in Normandy. In 1552, when first nominated as sheriff, he had excused himself on the ground that his substance and goods were out of his hands, whatever that may mean; evidently during his mayoralty he had full command of both. Like other Lord Mayors he hunted in state the hare in the morning and the fox in the afternoon; and on one September day at least he had something of a run, for the fox was found where Stratford Place now is, and killed in St. Giles's.

We get a glimpse of him engaged in sterner work during a sort of riot at Newgate, when he had his men-at-arms on duty in Cheapside, and another glimpse in a more familiar character, when entertaining the Duke of Norfolk on his Grace's reception of the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, which was an honour then as now. There was, however, one ceremony at which he assisted which it is pleasanter to remember him by. He took an important part in founding Merchant Taylors' School, and at the first examination in 1562 he was present in his official capacity. This seems to have stimulated him to make some provision for his own charity scheme, and on September 30, 1564, he and Dame Alice his wife bought from Cæsar Adelmare, doctor of physic to the queen and father of Sir Julius Cæsar, a field of 13 acres 1 rood of land in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, which in April 1566 they handed over to the Bedford Corporation in endowment of the school and etceteras.

Dame Alice, whose name is always associated with his in the deeds, was a widow when he married her in 1547; she died three years after the endowment of the schools, and was buried in St. Mary Woolnoth, where Lombard Street station of the electric railway is now coming. It was his second wife, Margaret Lethers, who was buried with him in St. Paul's Church, Bedford.

Dr. Adelmare's meadow—the indenture is among the Bedford archives, as is also an assignment from the Harpurs of certain leases in the town for the repairs of the school, dated a month before—began in time to yield the inevitable crop of unearned increment due to the hands of the builder. There is little of the meadow about it now; but when you happen to be in Bedford Row or Red Lion Street, or Theobalds Road or Harpur Street, give a thought to the good knight and his lady who gave that gift, which then was large and now is magnificent. That forty pounds a year has increased four hundred-fold!

The history of the charity resembles that of many others. As the funds grew the miscellaneous objects were so bountifully supplied that they became a cause

of evil rather than good. A sort of wholesale pauperisation was in progress. Many a family took up its quarters in the town with a view to qualifying for almshouses, marriage portions, apprentice premiums, service money, and other gifts in cash down. The schools were in a queer way. On one particular day, not a hundred years ago, there was only one boy who put in an appearance at the Grammar School, and he spent the morning playing marbles with one of the junior masters! The hero of so remarkable an experience deserves to have his name recorded: it was William Kent.

Efforts at reform were made again and again, but not without result. The schools began to thrive under better management and to increase in numbers. Fifty years ago there were six of them supported out of the charity, these being the Grammar School, the Commercial and Preparatory School, a Girls' School, a Boys' and Girls' Bluecoat School, and an Infants' School. In 1861 the Grammar School was enlarged and the room added to it which is now the Town Hall; in 1868 came the report of the Endowed School Commission, which bluntly stated that "the administration of the Bedford charity exhibits the almost unrestrained application of the principle of local, exclusive and indiscriminate, lavishness," and "enormous revenues are appropriated which are nearly, if not quite, sufficient to educate the whole county, but are now worse than wasted, since they pauperise the education of the town!" The local indignation may be imagined, as also the agitation to prevent the scheme of reconstruction, which was finally passed in August 1873, and proved to be the chief cause of Bedford's present welfare.

The Scheme. By this scheme the income was divided into eleven parts. One-eleventh was devoted to the up-keep of the forty-five almshouses in Dame Alice Street and the annuities of their occupants, the almshouses being a long row of neat buildings, which seem for the most part to be inhabited by those who have seen better days. Two-elevenths were devoted to elementary education, which relieved Bedford from a school-board rate, although the recent extension of the town west of the railway will probably necessitate such a rate being levied. Four-elevenths were assigned to the Modern Schools for boys and girls, and the remaining four were allocated to the Grammar School and the Girls' High School. And the schools were thrown open not only to the Bedford born, but to all the residents in Bedford. The Bedford Schools, around which a large number of other schools have clustered as satellites, are consequently the Grammar School, the Girls' High School, the Modern School, the Girls' Modern School, and the Elementary Schools, of which there are two for boys and two for girls, with nearly 4,000 children attending the four of them.

The Schools. The Grammar School, which removed from its old place, now the municipal buildings, about six years ago, to its handsome new house surrounded by playing-



fields of twenty acres, has now 900 boys, and under the energetic mastership of Mr. Philpotts bids fair to soon attain the thousand. This is the best school in Bedford; there is a staff of some forty masters, and the honours list every year is gratifyingly long. There are all the usual athletic accessories of a first-class public school, among the specialties being a volunteer corps, which sent over two hundred rank and file to the Jubilee review at Windsor. The school has a classical side, a civil and military side, and technical and preparatory departments. The fees are either nine or twelve pounds a year, and boys can enter when they are seven years old—those who advance from form to form within a reasonable time being allowed to remain till nineteen.

At the Modern School the limit of age is seventeen, the fees range from four to nine pounds a year, and the number of boys is about

buildings is that of the Girls' Modern School, which has about two hundred pupils, ranging from seven years old, the fees being four pounds a year, a third being payable each term, as in all the other cases, there being three terms a year. These, be it understood, are not boarding schools, they are run entirely on day-school lines, although the masters and mistresses in many cases board a few of the pupils under special circumstances; for it is laid down in the scheme that those children only are eligible who live with their father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, or uncle or aunt, one of whom must be a householder, and not under thirty years of age.

The chief boarding-school of Bedford is the County School, on the Amphill Road, which was opened in 1869, and has room for 300 boys at £40 a year. But this school is not under the Harpur Trust.



BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

600. There is not so much difference between the schools as the fees might lead one to expect; the Modern, like the Grammar, has a military side, contributing largely to Sandhurst, Woolwich, and the Indian Staff Corps; and for the London Matriculation and other public examinations, Dr. Poole has an annual crop of honours that compares handsomely with those of the bigger school; in fact, it is not unusual for a family to send some of its boys to one school and some to the other, according to their destined occupations. The big school is built on its old playing-field, the Modern School playing-field is in the same neighbourhood, but the school itself is in its old building close to the Town Hall.

The best looking of the school buildings is that of the Girls' High School, which has some six hundred pupils, ranging from eight years old upwards, the fees being the same as those of the Grammar School; and the newest of the

Municipal  
Work.

On the same road stands the Infirmary, now being replaced by a new and modern hospital, which will be Bedford's most recent charity, and one not likely to become obsolete like some of the others; for, as is the case with most old towns, it has, besides Harpur's, a batch of well-meant small endowments rather embarrassing to manage, owing to the altered circumstances of the age.

The Corporation has its own electricity works, and lights its streets with incandescent lamps, two in each lantern. It has its own water-works—and capital water it is, coming from a horizontal shaft in the Oolite range that bounds and shelters the borough on the north. And on its drainage works it has spent £50,000, and spent it economically; the system is that of the rainfall to the river, the sewage to the land, and the cost per head is very much below the average of similar towns, as also is the death-

rate, which has been under 14 per thousand for the last four years, and in 1894 was only 11 per thousand.

It looks a healthy place. The courts and narrow lanes are very few, and nearly all lead out on to some open space or wide street; and the wide streets are many, one of them, De Pavy's Avenue—with a double row of trees on each side—measuring a hundred feet across. This leads from St. Peter's Green to the Park, of over 60 acres, opened in 1888, which is on the northern slopes about half a mile from the centre of the town.

The Rain. The disposal of the sewage on the land was of great importance to Bedford, where the river is a greater attraction than the park and playing-fields, good as

towels about as if they were at the seaside, the girls first, then during another hour the blue-shielded boys of the Grammar School, then, during the next, the red-shielded boys of the Modern School, and then the general crowd.

Along the dwarf embankment of an afternoon you will hear the approaching sound of oars in the rowlocks and a familiar shouting behind you. "Keep your hands up, bow and number three;" "Trim the boat, there, you are rolling too much;" "Back straighter, number two;" "Keep the blade square;" "Easy;" and there will glide along and stop dead in view an outriggered-four, while the master who is coaching them trots up and roars further instructions at them from the bank, as another four similarly on practice bent slips by closer to the opposite shore. On a dry



MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, BEDFORD.

they are. The river, broader than the Thames at Oxford, is beautifully clear, with the water-plants thick below, among which the busy fish are plainly discernible. Trees and a broad path and drive on one side; on the other more trees and a chain of island meadows, and backwaters and the parent stream into which the mill-head flows, silently and gently through locks and sluices, and noisily and briskly down the steps of the weirs.

This river—the Great Ouse—is one of the distinctive features of the town, and the centre of its life. Every pupil in its schools is expected to swim and row and skate. Up between the bridges there is an island, the stream on one side of which is fenced in so as to form a bathing-place, and at different hours of the afternoon you will meet the youngsters carrying their

summer's day the river is alive with craft of all sorts, rowing and sailing, from the party wherry with its gay parasols, to the racing shell with its solitary occupant in white, noticeable among the crowd being a home-made canoe or so, and a Berthon folder not much bigger than a walnut-shell.

The river winds down from Northamptonshire, and delivers itself near King's Lynn. It is navigable from Bedford right away to the sea. At one time it was much used for traffic, but water-carriage went out of fashion in favour of the railways, though it is now coming into use again, and the gates and sluices have been put in repair, much to the disgust of the rowing folk, who instead of slipping through locks at their pleasure have now to pay the needful shilling, and behave in the orthodox way. To give the

town this fine stretch of water, the Corporation bought the mill and the meadows, and to make the most of its advantages is steadily pursuing a policy of buying up the property facing the stream, both above and below the principal bridge.



**The Bridges.** Bedford has three bridges, besides those that carry the railways—a stone one, the successor of a series that goes back into the mists of antiquity, an iron one some thirteen or more years old, and a graceful suspension bridge, in which a curve of short radius supports a curve of longer radius, so as

to produce an outline not unlike that of the new moon.

The stone bridge cannot be far from the site of the ford from which the town takes half its name, though where the other half comes from is not apparent, despite its varied orthography. Early in its history it was Bedicanfortha, said to be "the protected ford," but as far back as the days of Henry II it had got as near to the modern form as Bedefort, to judge from a charter in the town's possession, in which it is granted all the liberties and free customs permitted to the burgesses of Oxeneford, which in another charter of Henry III's time are confirmed to it under the name of Bedeford, which in letters patent of Edward III becomes Bedford as now.

**History.** That  
**The Churches.** it was  
an old  
settlement appears  
to be clear, and if  
there were only a  
museum the evi-  
dences as to this  
might accumulate.  
It is just the sort of  
situation where one  
would expect to find  
a primitive town.  
Flint flakes are sus-  
piciously frequent in  
the neighbourhood.  
Some people claim  
it as the Roman  
Lactodorum—and  
there are numerous  
Roman relics—while  
others are content  
to begin its history  
with Cuthwulf's vic-  
tory over the Britons  
in 571. That it fell  
into the hands of the  
Danes was only to  
be expected from its  
geographical posi-  
tion. Offa the Mer-  
cian is said to have  
founded St. Cuth-  
bert's, one of its  
churches, and to  
have intended being  
buried in a monas-  
tery here had not the  
river unexpectedly  
risen to such a  
height as to sweep  
away the sepulchre

he had prepared for himself. This monastery seems to have disappeared entirely, but in Priory Street, utilised as a farmhouse, are some of the buildings of an establishment of Franciscan friars which, with their surroundings, have been bought by the Corporation to form a recreation ground.



The churches are almost all of them better outside than in. St. Paul's, which is perhaps on the site of the Saxon monastery, dates from before the Conquest, and has in its time undergone many alterations. In Henry VIII's day it was the cathedral of a suffragan bishop, as it has again become of recent years. In front of it stands a striking statue of John Howard, the prison reformer, teetotaller, and vegetarian, who spent his childhood and much of his manhood at Cardington, in the neighbourhood, which he left to the Whitbreads, in whose possession it remains.

The first gaol that Howard saw the inside of was a French one, to which he was introduced as one of the prisoners of the *Hanover*, Lisbon packet, which was captured by a privateer. Coming home on parole he arranged his own exchange, and by describing the sufferings of his fellow prisoners obtained their release; but it was not until seventeen years afterwards, in 1773, when he became Sheriff of Bedfordshire, that he really began his crusade. Then it was that he learnt that prisoners, whether found guilty or not, were detained in Bedford until certain fees were paid to the gaoler, and, on proposing that the gaoler should have a salary instead of fees, was asked by the justices to find a precedent. In search of that precedent he entered on those journeys which extended so far afield, with such important results. Looking at this fine work of Gilbert's, one recalls the fact that when £1,500 was collected to put up a statue to him in his lifetime, Howard, as soon as he heard of it, indignantly caused the money to be given back to the subscribers, and that on his death his was the first statue to be admitted to St. Paul's Cathedral, it being probably the one that had been proposed to the discomfited committee.

In a note to Dr. Coombs, who, as Mayor of Bedford, was chairman of the Howard Memorial Committee, Mr. Gilbert thus describes his work: "The statue about to be erected in the Market-place at Bedford as a memorial to John Howard, the philanthropist, is more a representative effigy than any attempt to produce a faithful likeness of the great prison reformer; and this necessarily so for two reasons—firstly, the existing representations of his facial and corporeal appearance differ so widely that to fix on any one as an actual authority I found to be impossible; secondly, this being the case, I thought it desirable rather to approach my subject from an ideal point of view, and found

my delineation of the great man upon the suggestions as to type which, through the various representations of him, I had at my disposal. His work was not that of an ascetic, yet his portraits might easily mislead one into mistaking him for a man of that temperament. His actions were those of a strong, healthy man—a simple, heroic nature. I have therefore chosen to attempt to represent him as such. I have represented him in the attitude of thought, as the most fitting symbol of the arduous and difficult labours he undertook. I have clothed him in travelling dress of his time, to denote that he was a great traveller. By the note-book he holds in his left hand I intend to tell of his ever readiness to acquire information on the subject nearest his heart. As far as has been possible in a modern work of the kind, I have en-



deavoured to carry out the same note of symbolism even into the pedestal. This I have treated as a drinking fountain, my object being to attract men and women of all classes, without discrimination—not merely as lookers-on at a piece of human work, but as actual partakers of the symbol of the work of the being represented by it."

Bedford has another successful John Bunyan statue, Boehm's John Bunyan on St. Peter's Green, which, big as it is—it weighs two and a half tons—is very lifelike. Howard is looking down, his noble, compassionate face so shaded by the cocked hat that you have to go close to the pedestal to make out the features; Bunyan is looking upwards, so that you have to stand at a distance to see him well. The attitudes are not without significance.

Bedford is inseparable from Bunyan. Elstow, where he was born, is out near the County School, south of the town; you recognise it



from the railway by its church with the detached tower, in which, as a young man, he was a ringer. And from the railway you can also see the family cottage, which his father left to a third wife after cutting off all the children with a shilling apiece. Coming from Elstow towards the bridge is the fine old church of St. John, where, after his reformation by his first wife, he attended the ministrations of the pious Mr. Gifford, and which was then, in 1653, anything but episcopalian. Bedford gaol, where he remained off and on for twelve years, owing to his refusal to give up preaching, has gone, and been replaced by a new one. The meeting-house in Mill Street, to which his eloquence drew such crowds, has also gone, and been replaced, and again replaced, by one which has a handsome pair of bronze doors, presented, like the statue, by a late Duke of Bedford. And just as there are Howard papers connected with the Howard chapel in the same street, so there are many memorials of Bunyan in the town which would make the nucleus of a good local collection when the suitable building comes along. The minister of the new meeting-house is Dr. John Brown, whose well-known work on Bunyan has done so much to clear away legend, and bring out the true character of the great preacher, who after so long a forced silence ended his days as practically the chaplain of the Lord Mayor of London, and who, though he published some fifty-nine books and pamphlets, is now only known by the "Progress" and the "Holy War."

St. Peter's and  
St. Mary's.

St. Peter's, behind the Bunyan statue, is, within and without, an old and interesting church, the most noticeable feature being perhaps the Saxon tower of rubble and cement, in which is an arch primitive enough to date from the days of King Offa. Another old church with an early tower is St. Mary's, but in this case the tower, of Norman age, was built in replacement of an old Roman outwork to defend the south side of the ford, and the foundations have large sand-

stones, a yard long and a foot wide. There was no church here for some time after the tower was built, and that the tower existed long before the nave is apparent from the way in which the nave is lapped round it, instead of being jointed on, and by other structural details.

The Roman outwork was the Porta, whence the Porta Street, or Potter Street, that is now fitted with a more genteel name. On the other side of the river was the castle, built by Pain de Beauchamp in the reign of Rufus, on the site of one dating from Edward the Elder at the least.

The Castle. This castle had a short life and a lively one. It stood its first siege in the time of Henry I; in Stephen's time it stood two; in John's time it stood another, when it was taken by that turbulent ruffian Fulk de Breauté, who held it till 1224, when with thirty verdicts against him, each with a fine of £100, he seized Chief Justice De Braybrook, and held him prisoner, so that Henry III had to come to the rescue. It was a most scientific siege. Fulk held out for fifty-four days, notwithstanding the heavy artillery brought against him. There were six mangonels and a petrary hurling stones and sundries, and there were lofty movable towers for crossbow men and slingers to pick off the men on the battlements, while a cattus for the miners made things risky at the foot of the walls. First the barbican was taken; another assault won the outer bailey; another the inner bailey, when the tower was overthrown by undermining and resting it on wooden props and burning them. Then the keep was won by similar methods, and Fulk surrendered, eighty of his men were hanged, and there was an end to all intents and purposes of Bedford Castle, the mound of which is still traceable, as is also part of the ditch, which, converted into a drain, ran out into the river at a spot still marked by a line of thick vegetation that reaches almost to the opposite shore.

W. J. GORDON.



## A HAUNTED CASTLE IN TIROL

BY LINDA VILLARI.



TRAVELLING members of the Psychological Society should visit the castle of Reifenstein in Tirol. It is easily reached from Sterzing on the Brenner line, midway between Innsbrück and Botzen. Baedeker and Ball merely give its name coupled with that of the still more imposing modernised Sprechenstein on the other side of the valley. Reifenstein is a grim feudal stronghold crowning an isolated ridge that rises sheer from the now reclaimed Sterzinger Marsh. We had chanced to hear that it was an interesting ruin with the usual mediæval appurtenances of torture chamber, dungeons, and oubliettes, but knew nothing of its history, and were chiefly moved to scale its rock for the sake of its outlook towards the peaks and glaciers of the Ridsnaunthal.

A steep winding track brought us to the portcullised gate piercing the circuit of battlemented walls. The outer court is heaped with bramble-grown masonry, and of the watch tower, once guarding the precipice to the rear, only the foundations remain. But we are not yet in the castle. Its inner court stands at a higher level, across a chasm now spanned by stout planks, in lieu of the vanished drawbridge. From this enclosure one enters the keep through a formidable door giving admittance to another court, with a masked well in the centre beside the flight of steps leading to the guardroom. Higher still at right angles is the state entrance, decorated

with various blazons carved in stone. Here we found the bailiff's wife, a sturdy, harsh-voiced person, who promptly led the way up more stairs to the famous torture chamber. It was a lofty square room supported by a central beam studded with ominous iron hooks and rings. The pavement was broken at several points where search had been vainly made for a treasure supposed to be hidden somewhere in the tower. An iron door in a raised recess led into a small, low-ceiled prison, lighted by a deeply embrasured window opening on to a corridor. A still narrower aperture beside the door probably served as a spy-hole for the guards.

Returning to the torture chamber we climbed a long ladder stairway to the "Baron's hall" directly above. It accorded with

the grimness of the castle to find a state room within earshot of victims' groans. Hence, more steps than we cared to mount led to the roof of the tower. So we turned back to the ladder-stairs. These, though steep, were broad, strong, and provided with a handrail. Nevertheless, I, for one, felt an unaccountable dread of setting foot on them and came down with clenched teeth and trembling knees. Even our dog funkled the descent, shrank back crouching and quivering, and had to be summoned very sharply before obeying his master's call. We were then led through a long passage to some wainscoted rooms, ill-kept but comparatively cheerful, inhabited by our guide's family, and containing some ancient coffers and damaged wooden carvings. I jestingly inquired if the castle were haunted; it seemed so fitted for strange sights and sounds. She quietly replied that they never *heard* anything but *saw* a great deal. The wicked Ritter, he who tortured his prisoners, often walked at night, clad in armour.

Had she ever seen him with her own eyes?

"Certainly, I have seen him five times," was the amazing reply.

"And you are not scared?" we asked, struck by her matter-of-fact tone.

"Not at all; I am so used to it." She added that the ghost never appeared in her rooms, and was most often seen on the stairs going up from the torture chamber.

The stairs where I had experienced that

sudden panic! Who knows! Perhaps the spectre was there at the time, though invisible to our eyes? Why had our dog crouched in terror?

It was difficult to attribute hysterical fears to the robust, composed peasant woman. She seemed to think it quite natural for a desperate sinner to haunt the scene of his crimes, and was persuaded that he could do no harm to good Christians. But an older woman, who appeared for a moment at the door of another room, looked decidedly uncanny, and as though dazed by too frequent intercourse with spooks.

After various turns and windings through the rambling pile, we reached a quaint and charming "Countess's Bower." It was a corner room with several windows, its painted walls were covered with intricate scrolls of leaves and fruit, with tiny male figures peeping through the foliage here and there. The rafters overhead were painted with a smaller design of vine-leaves and grapes, and we afterwards learnt that this green chamber is a cherished example of mediæval decoration, and has been copied in the castle of Wartburg. The room had a pretty carved recess at one end, and in another corner a dark winding stair in the wall led to a state chamber beneath, with finely carved cupboards and coffer. Beyond this were a kitchen, pantry, and a spacious armoury. The latter was lined with huge presses and stands for weapons. Everything seemed planned for secrecy and defence; every room had an iron door strong enough to defy attack. It was impossible to imagine any peaceful domestic life going on in this well-defended fortress.

Only part of the main building is shown, the rest having been damaged by fire, and the wooden roof of the Keep is evidently a posterior addition. All the rooms we explored were in good repair, though grimy from neglect. The castle is apparently built round the height supporting its blank lower walls, for one staircase is hewn in the living rock, and a shattered peak is enclosed in a garret. There seem to be no bottom floors to this eyrie, though probably store-rooms and dungeons have been excavated beneath. The valuable armour and curios once contained in the castle have long disappeared. Reifenstein now belongs to the Count of Thurm and Taxis.

A tortuous passage, apparently leading in the opposite direction, suddenly brought us back to the chief entrance, at the head of the outer stairs. There was nothing else to be seen, said our Bauerin, so after glancing round the dreary, weed-grown yard, we crossed the bridge to the outer court, and when the farmer's son came whistling down the steps behind us, we eagerly questioned him regarding the spook. He treated the subject even more cheerfully than his mother had done. Of course, the wicked Ritter was always about. He had frequently seen him. What did it matter? Perhaps he trusted to the protection of the big crucifix over the gate.

Outside the walls there was neither mystery nor gloom. The landscape was full of light and warmth, the western sun blazing full on the towers of Sprechenstein, though Reifenstein had long lost its rays, and the little hamlet crouching at the foot of the crag was almost as shadowed as the dark wedge of forest on the mountain-side behind.

Following the crest of the ridge over slippery parched turf and reefs of serpentine and porphyry, we found it cut by another wide cleft, bridged by a couple of planks. Beyond this, at the extreme end of the crest, is the chapel of St. Zeno, whence one looks past the manor of Thumburg, to the ice world at the head of the Ridnaunthal.

The stern fortress we had left seemed an ideal perch for a robber chief, seeing that through the valley beneath lay the road by which Venetian traders conveyed eastern merchandise to northern marts, and in their days the bog at the foot of the rock must have been an additional defence to marauders experienced in avoiding its dangers. The warders of Sprechenstein probably levied toll also, and travelling merchants must have rejoiced when the gauntlet was run and their pack-horses safely bestowed for the night within the gates of Sterzing.

This ancient burgh, the chief town of the district, is still very thriving, and carries on a brisk trade in the marbles quarried from its mountains, but in old days, when the Ridnaun silver mines flourished, its citizens were men of wealth. Thanks to them, the main street is lined with stout mansions, some gabled, some battlemented, with picturesque carved oriels and bay-windows, a tall Gothic-gate tower and a fountain. Fantastic wrought-iron signs swing overhead, and cavernous archways burrow through the deep buildings to the store-rooms and gardens behind. Our inn, "Die alte Post," is a typical house of the kind; a regiment might be quartered in its spacious clean-scrubbed rooms, a park of artillery on its landings. It also provides a local guide-book with a brief history of Reifenstein. An unsatisfactory guide, however, for it ignores wicked barons, hidden treasures, and ghosts. It mentions that the earliest record of "Castrum Riffenstein" dates from the year 1100. It gives a list of the successive holders of the estate, and how in default of male issue the fief passed to other families. The last of these becoming extinct in 1470, castle and lands were transferred to the Knights of the Teutonic Order, for the peppercorn rent of a yearly mass for the souls of deceased members of the House of Austria. Since the suppression of that order, Reifenstein has belonged to the Counts of Thurm and Taxis.

Now where does the ghost come in? Are we to suspect one of the pious order of crimes, forbidding rest to his soul? No, the uneasy spirit must be a von Stilfes, a Zant, or a Säben. From the nature of things, all these mountain nobles were more or less Robber-Barons.



## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

### I. FOODS—DIGESTION—DIETARIES.

THE living body is a fire that is incessantly burning; therefore to maintain life at its highest level we must know what is the best fuel, and supply it in sufficient quantity at suitable intervals.

Much, very much, has been written, even in these pages, about food, and yet, as its generations of readers succeed each other, it is helpful from time to time briefly to summarise a few of the more important points concerning it, in the light of the increasing knowledge that we possess.

JOHN BULL.

One would almost think that in virtue of this knowledge one sad relic from the dark ages of our past would by now have disappeared. We allude to the painful burlesque of a healthy Englishman in the current presentment of our patron saint—John Bull. This heavy, overfed individual is still held up to our rising generation, and the world, as the type of British perfection—a type in which excess of beef and beer is the most conspicuous feature.

Surely there are members of the Royal Academy who could undertake to give us some better representation of a physically perfect Englishman of the nineteenth century.

#### CONSTRUCTION OF BODY.

In considering the question of food we must remark that it is taken to repair and renew the body, and that it must therefore resemble the materials of which the body is already composed. Just as we repair a broken deal table with deal, and a mahogany chair with mahogany, so do we use as food those materials of which the body itself is composed.

Considering first of all the chemical elements, we find that about a quarter (17 out of 67) of the known elements are found in the body, many, however, in very small traces, the four of which we are almost entirely composed being oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, or three gases and one solid. The oxygen is, as we know, the fiery gas which unites with hydrogen to form water; and with carbon to form carbonic acid gas; while nitrogen and

hydrogen form ammonia. Subtler compounds are also built up, so as to form all the varieties of body tissue, and to provide all the forces of organic life. The proportions of these elements are as follows: oxygen forms three-quarters by weight of the body, carbon one-eighth, hydrogen one-tenth, and nitrogen one-fortieth. It is obvious from what we have already said that these four elements should constitute the bulk of our food; and such is the case, only it will be more convenient to consider them in their compound form as food-stuffs rather than as simple gases and solids. We have, however, alluded to the four as chemical elements for a particular reason.

#### COST OF FOOD.

In considering all food questions the item of cost is always an important one. Now two out of the four elements are supplied to us free and in an unlimited quantity—oxygen in the air and hydrogen in the water; there remain nitrogen and carbon, for which we have to pay.

This is the more distressing, and especially so to the poor, when they learn that nitrogen is really supplied in the air they breathe as freely as oxygen, and indeed actually enters the body (lungs) in such quantities that enough is taken in in one minute to supply the body with nitrogen for a day; but (and this is the most aggravating part of it) it all has to be given out again in expiration just as it was received, for, for some inscrutable reason, we have not the power to use this all-important food in its raw state as we do oxygen. If we had, the chief expense of food would disappear, and two or three pence a day would be enough to live on, for it is the nitrogenous food that costs the money. Then, as regards carbon, if we could use it as an engine does, in its raw state of coal, we could get it practically free; but again Nature refuses to let us use it save in the form of food-stuffs.

So that until some physiological chemist shall discover how to make us retain and use the nitrogen of the air, or teach us how to digest the contents of our coal-cellars, tradesmen's bills will still embitter our lives.

All that we have to consider in food elements, therefore, is the amount of nitrogen and carbon required each day, and this averages 300 grains of the former and 4,500 grains of the latter.



## ON FOOD-STUFFS.

We come now to food-stuffs. These are four in number :

1. The proteids, or albumens of all sorts.
2. The carbohydrates, or all the starches and sugars.
3. The hydrocarbons, or the fats and oils.
4. The salts and liquids, or the inorganic foods.

The first build up and repair the body itself ; the second principally supply the force for work ; the third the animal heat ; while the fourth help all round as accessories. The quantities required of each for average diet are half a pound of proteids, nearly two pounds of starches and sugars, nearly half a pound of fats, about an ounce and a half of salts, and some five and a half pounds of fluids.

From another point of view, the proportion between what are called the nitrogenous or nitrogen-containing foods, which are the proteids, and the non-nitrogenous, which include both the starches, sugars, and fats, is about one part of the former to four of the latter. This is easy to remember, and is of some value.

The relative cost of the three is also interesting. If a pound of sugar or starch costs 6*d.*, a pound of fat or oil costs 1*s.* 6*d.*, or three times as much, and a pound of proteid 2*s.* 6*d.*, or five times as much, the relation being 1-3-5. From this it is clear why the poor use the starches and sugars the most freely, being by far the cheapest, the real expense being in the nitrogenous food.

## MEAT FOOD.

We have no space, nor is this the occasion, to speak of foods in detail, but we will just take a typical food-stuff of each class before passing on to the more interesting questions of the digestibility of the various foods and their suitability to different ages and occupations.

For the proteid we will take meat, for the carbohydrate bread, and for the hydrocarbon butter.

Meat is three parts water, the remaining fourth being four-fifths proteid and one-fifth fat. It is eaten to wasteful excess in English cities, and especially in the West End of London. A comparison of England generally with other countries is suggestive. Germany uses 35 lb. per head per annum, France 46 lb., Belgium 84 lb., and John Bull 136 lb. ! No wonder that gout and allied diseases flourish, and that the most successful doctors are those that starve you most ! About half a pound of proteid or nitrogenous food is required in the day, but it is by no means necessary to get this all from meat. It exists in rich profusion in all the grain foods ; bread contains a large proportion, and so does milk ; and there can be no doubt whatever that the so-called cures of over-fed Londoners on the Continent and

elsewhere largely consist of the substitution of these more wholesome and less stimulating forms of albuminous food for meat.

## ENGLISH BREAD.

With regard to bread, it is still the best mainstay of life, and it is all the more important we should have some reliable information as to the relative value of the different kinds. We will speak briefly of ordinary white bread, of farmhouse bread, of aerated bread, of brown bread, of whole-meal bread, and of Hovis bread.

Ordinary white bread compared with English farmhouse bread is lighter and whiter, but not so nourishing, presuming the former to be made entirely or mainly of foreign wheats, and the latter of English. There has been a great movement lately to endeavour to get English people to live on English-grown food. Just as a mother's milk makes the most healthy child, so is it argued that Mother England's wheat will make the most stalwart Englishmen. It is also argued with great force that a country that is self-sufficing is in a far stronger position in war than one dependent for the necessities of life, as we are so largely, on foreign supplies. Be this as it may, bread made from English wheat will, we fear, never be sold largely in England, for the simple reason that bread made from foreign wheats is so much more profitable to the baker, owing to the greater capacity of foreign flours for absorbing water. It is found that while it is difficult to make 90 loaves from a sack of English flour, 112 can readily be made from Hungarian. In other words, a 4 lb. loaf of foreign flour contains less flour, and therefore less nourishment, than a 4 lb. loaf made of English flour. It is, however, more sightly and more profitable, and these are the points that govern the sale.

## SPECIAL BREADS.

In ordinary fermented bread a considerable portion of the starch is turned into sugar, but in aerated bread this is not the case—the starch is unchanged, carbonic acid gas being forced into the dough. The process is undoubtedly cleanly and the product very white, but inasmuch as sugar requires no digestion, and starch a good deal, aerated bread does not suit everyone. On the other hand, aerated whole-meal bread, which already contains a large proportion of sugar, is better than the fermented.

Brown bread, or bread mixed with bran, has long enjoyed a fictitious reputation on account of the error of supposing that the nitrogenous principle lay largely in the husk.

It is now proved that the bran is of practically no nutrient value, and merely acts as an irritant. Professor Jago, perhaps the greatest authority on the subject, goes so far as to say, speaking on this head, "It is to be deplored that for the sake of getting the nutriment falsely supposed to be in the bran, a section of

the public should demand a form of bread unhealthy in other respects." This refers to the fact that owing to the irritant qualities of the bran, a large proportion of the nourishment contained in the bread is lost.

Whole meal coarsely ground is also somewhat of a fallacy for healthy people, though prescribed in certain cases it is invaluable. The same meal finely ground loses its irritating qualities, that render it unsuitable for constant use, and the greater proportion of phosphorus it contains over white bread (3 times as much) gives it additional value.

#### HOVIS BREAD.

I must be allowed to say a word about the last variety. Hovis bread differs from all others in its nutritive properties. The following table gives the relative proportion of albumin, starches, and fats in various breads and in milk.

	Albumin	Starch	Fat
White bread . . .	16·0	81	2·6
Whole-meal bread . .	16·0	80	3·0
Hovis bread . . .	20·0	58	19·4
Milk, mothers' . . .	24·0	50	24·0

We have added mothers' milk at the bottom to show how nearly this bread approaches to it in the proportions of its component food-stuffs. The great feature, of course, is its great increase of albumin and fat with a proportionate decrease of starch, causing it to resemble, therefore, animal food far more than any form of bread, and particularly that animal food known as milk. It may be asked by what conjuring trick is this increase of nutrition produced. The answer is sufficiently interesting.

The grain of wheat is composed of two parts: the young germ of the future plant and its store of starchy food, which is provided until the roots are strong enough to feed the plant. The germ is one third albumin and one third fat, the remainder of the grain being mainly starch. Now inasmuch as the germ is of a sticky glutinous nature, it was found difficult to grind with the flour, and bread made with it in did not keep well. Until recently, therefore, it has been taken out of the grain and given as food to pigs. The peculiarity of Hovis bread is that a special process having been discovered of grinding this germ, it can now be mixed and used with the other flour, thus raising bread to a nutritive standard not generally reached. As the extra nutrition consists mainly of increased albumin and fats, it is of very special importance to children, and all who, being under twenty-one years of age, are still engaged in constructing the body. We have been obliged in justice to name this bread, in opposition to our usual practice, as it represents such a distinct advance in nutritive value; but it must be borne in mind that bread sold as Hovis is not yet everywhere of equal quality.

#### BUTTER.

The last food we shall speak of, and with great brevity, is butter, and that in reference to oleo-margarine. This latter unfortunate article of food has suffered very severely from posing from the first as a fraudulent butter, and thereby exciting the indignation and disgust of all honest people, so that few tables are brave enough, even though scantily furnished otherwise, to use this clumsily named food and own it.

If it had been brought forward as a new article of food, priced rather highly, given a short sweet name, and coloured, say, a bright pink, and delicately flavoured, it would soon have sprung into fashion, for after all the intrinsic difference is but slight. There is no doubt the oleo compound is as nutritious in every respect as butter, at about one-fourth the cost; and while for delicate digestions butter is slightly more easily disposed of, there is practically no difference in the digestibility of the two for healthy people. There is a common idea that "oleo" is a compound of railway grease and tallow, and at any rate that if we only knew how it was made, we should revolt against it. This again, as far as good "oleo" is concerned, is evolved from a morbid inner consciousness, and is no more true than it would be of good butter. The best oleo-margarine is made from beef fat and lard, some of the stearine, or least digestible portion, being removed and a certain proportion of pure butter added.<sup>1</sup>

#### DIGESTIBILITY OF FOODS.

We now come to the digestibility of foods, and here we may observe at the outset the most digestible foods are by no means the best for

<sup>1</sup> "What is margarine?" writes another correspondent. "To many margarine is a mystery, mostly made out of mud; but, as a matter of fact, a margarine factory is the cleanest place imaginable—uncomfortably clean in reality—and the materials are anything but offensive. What with glazed bricks, mosaic pavements, polished boards and linen overalls, even the best of dairies would find a difficulty in surpassing it. Margarine is made of oleo-margarine, milk and nut-oil. Oleo-margarine is merely beef suet from which the stearine has been pressed out. It is not unlike dripping in appearance, and comes in casks from the big slaughter-yards. The nut-oil seems to be the oil of those mysterious ground-nuts which are the chief exports of the Gambia and other places on the West Coast of Africa. The milk is the ordinary milk, and a hundred gallons of it go to every ton of margarine. The oleo-margarine is taken out of the cask, cleaned round its edges, so as to leave no dirt adhering to it, and then broken up with wooden shovels and pitched in lumps into huge tanks which are jacketed with hot water. As it melts the impurities are skimmed off the surface, all this care being necessary in order that the colour may not be interfered with. When it is melted it is run off into gigantic churns, stirred by a steam engine, and mixed therein with the oil and milk. As the process goes on the contents of the churn begin to look like a custard, and just at the close this is coloured with annatto, the same as butter is, the tint varying in depth according to the peculiar taste of the district in which the margarine is to be sold. The margarine is then poured off in a shallow stream, and broken up by a jet of icy-cold water as it flows, so that it may have a grain, instead of cooling in solid lumps of fat. The tank into which it falls after being granulated is about twenty feet long, and on the surface of the water in this it accumulates like a coat of golden sleet. From the water it is skimmed with wooden shovels, and placed in trucks to drain before it is 'worked.' In its first working it is salted, and it is 'worked' again also by machinery, and it is then made into rolls or pats or placed in bulk in the tubs in which it appears in the shops."—J. W. G.

healthy people, any more than the most combustible fuel (say straw) is the best for a fire. We must distinguish between imperfect digestion and slow digestion. A healthy man will digest a good meal of bread and hard cheese perfectly, but it takes a long time. An Irishman likes a potato "with a bone in it," and a Scotchman "brose" (both indigestible foods because imperfectly cooked), on account of their *staying* properties; in other words, they are of slow digestion. Tea again retards digestion, hence meat teas are tabooed; but how many hundreds and thousands rejoice in them with impunity, showing that *to the healthy* retarded digestion is no more an evil than a slow-burning coal is to a fire. Of course the dyspeptic shudders at the bare idea of meat teas and Welsh rarebits. But one of the greatest mistakes of the day is to write about food as if all men were invalids, and the care required by our "indigestion" martyrs to be practised by all. Such is not the case. The two great questions respecting any article of food for the ordinary man in the street to ask is, Do you like it? and Does it like you? If these are both answered in the affirmative, *eat it* nothing doubting.

"We live upon, not what we eat, but what we digest," say Meinert, a German physiologist, and to judge of the digestibility of foods laborious series of experiments are needed. Some physiologists use men, trained for the purpose, as chemical laboratories, others use animals in a similar manner. We draw a veil over all details and proceed to results. The first thing that is ascertained, according to Dr. Atwater, who has made some researches on the subject, is what proportion of the leading food-stuffs are digestible.

The procedure, in brief, is to weigh the food taken and the undigested residue, the balance being the proportion digested. The value of such knowledge is in many cases of great importance. Every day, for instance, mothers are feeding babies with foods of such indigestible nature, that the undigested residue almost balances the food taken, showing that the infant is being unwittingly starved to death. It is not the money a man receives, but the amount he saves, that builds up his fortune. The experiments are conducted on animals much more easily than on men, for each experiment lasts several days, and men tire much more readily of the same diet than dogs, etc. It is rarely that a man can live more than three days in health on precisely the same single food.

#### DR. ATWATER'S EXPERIMENTS.

In Dr. Atwater's experiments a medical student lived three days on steak, and digested 99 per cent. of the proteids. Dr. Rubner found that a healthy Bavarian labourer, who lived three days on bread and water, digested 99 per cent. of the carbohydrates. The following short table, from experiments principally 'made in

Germany," shows the main results in a simple form:

Proteid food or albumin.	Amount digested.
Meat of all kinds (lean) . . . .	nearly all.
Fish . . . . .	nearly all.
Milk (casein) . . . . .	about 95 per cent.
White bread (gluten) . . . . .	90 per cent.
Indian meal (gluten) . . . . .	89 per cent.
Brown and whole-meal bread (gluten) . . . . .	87 per cent.
Peas (legumin) . . . . .	86 per cent.
Potatoes . . . . .	74 per cent.

The above shows that the vegetable albumins are much more indigestible than the animal, from  $\frac{1}{10}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  being wasted, whereas practically all the meat is digested.

We now turn to the starch and sugar foods.

Carbohydrate foods or starch and sugar.	Amount digested.
Sugar . . . . .	all.
White bread . . . . .	99 per cent.
Indian meal . . . . .	97 per cent.
Peas . . . . .	96 per cent.
Brown and whole-meal bread . . . . .	94 per cent.
Potatoes . . . . .	92 per cent.

From the above for the amount eaten it is plain we get the best value in starch from white bread next to sugar itself. It is understood that all starch in digestion is first changed into sugar.

Lastly, the fat table.

Hydrocarbon foods and fats.	Amount digested.
Butter . . . . .	98 per cent.
Oleo-margarine . . . . .	96 per cent.
Milk (cream only) . . . . .	96 per cent.
Fat bacon . . . . .	93 per cent.
Fat of meat . . . . .	86 per cent.

#### DIGESTIBILITY OF FAT AND LEAN.

The most novel point about these tables is, perhaps, that we find the albumin of meat to be much more nearly digested than the casein of cows' milk. Curiously enough, Dr. Rubner found that if cheese is eaten with milk the milk is more entirely digested, the theory being that it breaks up the heavy curd into which the cows' milk is formed by the action of the gastric juice.

We also notice how very much more indigestible the fat of meat is (owing probably to the large proportion of stearine) than other forms of fat.

#### VALUE OF COOKING.

Circumstances affect, as we have already seen, the digestibility of food, and pre-eminently cooking.

The preceding tables are the results from food properly cooked and masticated and digested by healthy persons in the prime of life. It is not always that this happy combination is found. It must be understood that digestion means dissolving, the problem being how to pass out of the digestive tube (which has no communication in any part of its course with the body) across the walls and into the blood-



vessels the greatest amount of the food taken. Carving and cooking are therefore important aids to digestion, as minute subdivision and heat aid in the solubility of most foods.

With regard to meat careful experiments have been made by Professor Jensen at Tübingen. Raw, half cooked, and roast and boiled beef were digested artificially by a dog and by a man. In each instance the meat was very finely minced first, and in all the raw meat was soonest digested. The time in the man was as follows :

Raw minced beef digested in 2 hours.			
Boiled	"	"	3 "
Roast	"	"	4 "

Partly cooked meat was halfway between the cooked and uncooked ; boiled or "sterilised" milk also took a little longer than "raw" milk. The source of fallacy in these experiments lies in the fact that the meat we eat is seldom finely minced, and not only is cooked meat safer and more palatable, but much more easily masticated. Hence, if one were to take an ordinary meal of raw and of cooked meat, the latter would probably be digested as soon, and be much more wholesome. With regard to the starch foods, sufficient cooking to burst the fibrous coverings in which the starch grains are confined is absolutely essential to the digestion of the latter ; hence partly cooked farinaceous food often causes violent indigestion in otherwise healthy people.

There is a general idea that condiments and tasty foods stimulate digestion, but exact experiments by Professor Forster show that in a healthy man meat deprived of all taste, and mixed diets also rendered tasteless, are digested as completely as tasty foods. The value of condiments and taste, therefore, is rather to increase and stimulate the appetite than the digestion.

#### THREE LEADING DIETARIES.

The amount of food required by a healthy man varies according to the amount of work he does. The usually accepted standards are as follows :

*For bare subsistence* 2 lb. of cooked food ;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. being dry albumin, 1 oz. fat, 12 oz. starch and sugar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. salt, and the rest water. These may be represented roughly by 3 lb. of meat and fat, 2 quartern loaves, and 1 oz. of salt

per week, or by 4 quartern loaves, 1 lb. lard or butter, and 1 oz. of salt.

*For ordinary work*  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of cooked food ;  $4\frac{1}{2}$  oz. being dry albumin, 3 oz. fat,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  oz. starch and sugar, and 1 oz. salt. This is fairly represented by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb. steak, 9 lb. bread, 7 lb. of potatoes, 7 pints of milk, 14 oz. butter, and 2 oz. salt per week.

*For hard work*  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of cooked food ; 6 oz. being dry albumin,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  oz. fat, 16 oz. starch and sugar, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. salt. This is fairly represented by 7 lb. steak, 9 lb. bread, 7 lb. of potatoes, 7 quarts of milk, 1 lb. butter, and 2 oz. salt per week.

As to cost, the cheapest for which a man at hard work has been fed for a week is 5s. 3d., or 9d. a day, the diet being exclusively oatmeal and milk. Compare with this a case, common enough in England, given by Miss Barnett, of a man and wife and eight children fed on 2s. 4d. a day, or 16s. 8d. per week, the entire wages being £1, of which 3s. 4d. went for rent, clothes, schooling, and all other expenses for ten people.

#### STARVATION AND EXCESS.

This amount for food would allow practically less than a penny a day each for eight growing children, the bulk of whom go to school. It is quite obvious that under such conditions they must be starved and dwarfed, and stunted in mind and body, and the race thus suffer mentally and physically. Not one penny, be it observed, is left over for sickness, change, or pleasure of any sort. There is no doubt in the writer's mind that a large proportion of the children of this country are much underfed, and that our drunkards and criminals of all sorts are largely recruited from their ranks. On the other hand, the excessive consumption of food by the rich, if it does not produce criminals and drunkards to the same extent as starvation, is quite as much a source of disease. What is needed is to bring a better knowledge of dietetics and of sound philanthropy to bear upon the rich, so that they shall not only insure themselves against gout and a thousand other ills, but shall hand over the amount saved by a more rational diet to the better feeding of the children of this country. This brings us to the more interesting part of our subject, and that is the food specially appropriate to the different ages and conditions of life.



## Science and Discovery.

### THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN ALASKA AND CANADA.

It might be supposed from the newspaper reports and the circulars distributed by interested agents that only within the past few months has gold been discovered in the basin of the Yukon River in the interior of Alaska, and the adjoining Canadian territory. Large quantities of gold certainly appear to have been obtained in the placer mines at Klondyke, even when the exaggerated statements lately published are dis-

an altitude of four thousand feet. Since then the number of miners who have entered the region by the same route has annually increased, and in 1887 from two hundred to three hundred men were engaged in washing gold from the gravels of various tributaries of the Yukon in the vicinity of its crossing of the boundary line between Alaska and Canada, but the total yield in that year did not exceed a value of £4,000 sterling. In 1896, however, the output of gold in the Yukon district amounted to \$4,670,000 (about £1,170,000), this being an increase of \$1,670,000 on the previous year.

Had the miners acted upon the reports of the officers of the Geological Survey of Canada, the new Eldorado would have been developed ten years ago. It was pointed out at that time that the miners confined their work to washing river-bars, and paid no attention to the extensive quartz veins and ledges which are found all along the river from the boundary line, and which were probably rich in gold. The prospective value of the Yukon district was believed to be great, because the region includes a length of over five hundred miles of the Cordillera belt of the west, which, wherever it has been examined, has been found rich in minerals, and especially in deposits of precious metals. The recent discoveries have proved that the geologists were right in believing the district to be a rich one, and apparently it is so extensive that there will be plenty of room for the miners who will go to it.

As has been remarked, the district is very difficult of access. The route hitherto used is *via* Juneau, to the head of the Lynn Canal, through the Chilkoot Pass and the Lakes, and thence by the Lewes or head waters of the Yukon River. Another pass—the White Pass—crossing the same chain of mountains as the Chilkoot Pass, but about one thousand feet lower in altitude, is reported to have been opened by the British Yukon Company, and if this is actually ready for traffic it offers the best approach to the Yukon goldfields. A longer route is from Victoria, Vancouver, or Seattle, north-

westerly across the Pacific Ocean, thence through Behring Sea to St. Michael's Island, where steamers can be taken along the coast to the mouth of the Yukon, which is navigable for river craft for more than two thousand miles.

As the working season is from about the middle of May to the middle of September, nothing would be gained by starting for the goldfields before about March or April next.



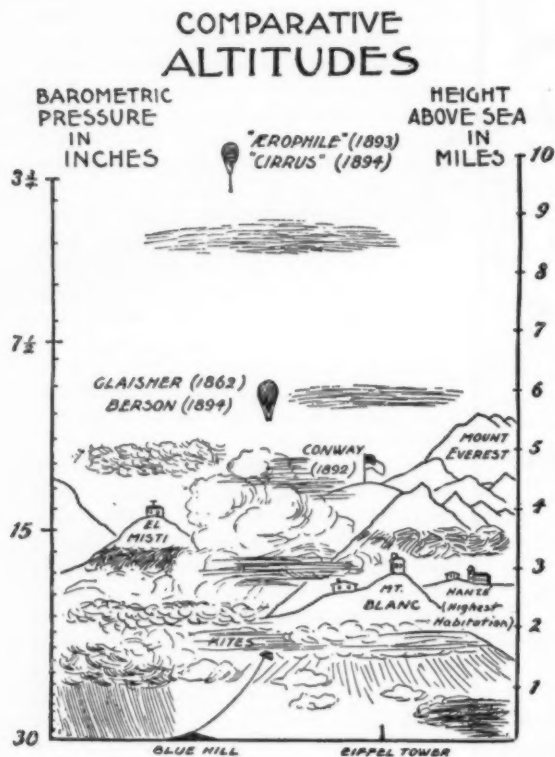
YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

counted at their proper value, but it has been known to geologists for some years that rich auriferous deposits occur in Alaska, and the only difficulty has been to get to the region and work them for what they are worth.

Gold-mining in the Yukon district began in 1880, when about twenty-five miners crossed the mountains by the dangerous Chilkoot Pass, which in places has

## EXPLORATION OF THE UPPER AIR.

The exploration of the upper atmosphere by means of kites and by free balloons without occupants is being carried on by a number of meteorologists on the Continent and in America. Though air is known to exist at heights more than a hundred miles above the earth's surface, it is in a very attenuated condition, and, as is well known, at a height of only six miles or so it is too rarefied to support human life. How very rapidly the density diminishes may be understood from the fact that eight-ninths of the whole mass of the atmosphere is contained within ten miles of the earth's surface, the atmosphere above that level being so attenuated that it only makes up one-ninth of the whole mass of the earth's aerial envelope. It is therefore only possible to obtain direct information of the condition of the air for a comparatively short distance upwards; hence the nature of the higher atmosphere and the movements of air at high altitudes are but imperfectly understood. How far the air has been sounded is clearly shown in the accompanying diagram,



drawn by Mr. Lawrence Rotch, director of the Blue Hill Observatory. The height above sea-level is shown by the scale on the right, and the reading of the barometer is shown by the scale on the left. The diagram indicates that man, in balloons, has only twice penetrated into the air as much as five and one-half miles above sea-level, which is the height the loftiest mountains attain. Unmanned balloons—the "Aerophile" and "Cirrus"—carrying registering instruments, have, however, risen ten miles. The

altitude attained by Sir Martin Conway in 1892 has been exceeded by members of the Fitzgerald expedition to Mount Aconcagua, upon which a height of 24,000 feet (four and a-half miles) was reached. The highest meteorological observatories, on El Misti and Mont Blanc, are shown at their correct altitudes. These observatories are equipped with self-recording instruments, which are wound up from time to time. The levels at which the different types of cloud float in the atmosphere are also indicated in the diagram, and as standards of measurement there are added the Eiffel Tower—the tallest structure erected by man—and the Blue Hill Observatory, with the highest kite ascent which has been made from it.

## JOURNEYING TO THE STARS.

Professor Simon Newcomb, the distinguished American astronomer, in the course of a recent address, used an illustration of the motion of the solar system through space well worth repeating here. To bring the distances of celestial bodies within human comprehension, the time which a railway train would take to travel to those bodies is often described by writers and lecturers on astronomy. But the sun, with the earth and the other planets, is actually making the journey to the stars at a speed compared with which the velocity of a train is slow indeed. We are rapidly moving towards the point of the heavens in which the bright star Vega is situated. In the words of Professor Newcomb, "Through every year, every hour, every minute of human history from the first appearance of man on the earth, from the era of the builders of the Pyramids, through the times of Cæsar and Hannibal, through the period of every event that history records, not merely our earth, but the sun and the whole solar system with it, have been speeding their way towards the star Vega, on a journey of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. During every clock-beat through which humanity has existed, it has moved on this journey by an amount which we cannot specify more exactly than to say that it is probably between five and nine miles per second. We are at this moment thousands of miles nearer to Vega than we were a few minutes ago; and through every future moment, for untold thousands of years to come, the earth and all there is on it will be nearer to that star, or nearer to the place where the star now is, by hundreds of miles for every minute of time come and gone. When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years; perhaps in half a million. We cannot tell exactly; but get there we must if the laws of nature and the laws of motion continue as they are. To attain to the stars was the seemingly vain wish of the philosopher; but the whole human race is, in a certain sense, realising this wish as rapidly as a speed of six or eight miles a second can bring it about."

## NEW RÖNTGEN RAYS.

When Professor Röntgen, applying the researches of Hertz, Lenard, Dr. Oliver Lodge, and others, showed that the rays from an electrically excited vacuum tube were capable of penetrating opaque

substances, he opened the way to a region which has yielded a rich crop of facts, and from which much more may be confidently expected. Light of this peculiar penetrative quality was afterwards found to be emitted by the metal uranium and its compounds, by glowworms, by zinc, cadmium, and magnesium; and Dr. W. J. Russell, Lecturer in Chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has lately extended still more the list of what may be termed Röntgen-ray producers. So common, indeed, is this emissive quality, that it appears to have been difficult to find a material incapable of giving out rays which pass through opaque substances and affect a very sensitive photographic plate. A polished piece of zinc, having a pattern upon it, when laid upon a highly sensitive photographic plate, was found, under certain conditions, so to act upon the plate in three or four hours that, on development in the usual way, a complete picture of the pattern was produced. The mere contact of the metal and plate was not the cause of this result, for when the two were separated by a thin layer of such a material as celluloid, gelatine, or parchment, and even when the zinc was placed an inch above the plate, a distinct pattern was produced after exposure for about a week.

Copal varnish is rather more active than zinc, a plate covered with the varnish acting as a weak source of Röntgen rays. Wood also possesses a very considerable share of this photographic activity, any ordinary smooth piece of wood laid upon a sensitive plate acting like zinc in impressing its picture on the plate. To close this singular story, we have the discovery that printer's ink is in many cases a re-

markably active source of rays capable of affecting a photographic film in much the same way as rays of light; so that, if we follow Dr. Russell's conclusions, the lucidity of an article is given a new meaning, for it will depend upon the ink with which it is printed. The cause of the curious actions investigated by Dr. Russell has not been found, but the suggestion has been made that it is due to delicate vapours emitted by the active substances. Just as probable a supposition is that the active substances are phosphorescent to a slight degree, absorbing light when exposed to it, and gradually giving it up in the dark. When the nature of the action is better understood, we may expect to see it utilised in some way for reproducing pictures etched on zinc or copal varnish, or drawn in active printer's ink upon paper.

#### NEW SCREW PROPELLERS.

A new method of propelling steamers has been invented by Conrad Odinet, an American engineer. Instead of placing two screw propellers at the stern, he arranges a shaft with a number of screws on each side of the keel, the hull of the vessel being hollowed out for the purpose. As a consequence, the water is drawn in from the front and pushed off behind, and the resistance of the water to the motion of the ship is considerably lessened. Moreover, the screws cannot "race" when they get out of the water in a high sea, as some of them are always submerged. It will be interesting to see how this system will stand the test of a rigorous trial.

R. A. GREGORY.

## Continental and American Notes.

#### Roadside Fruit-trees.

It is well known that it has long been the custom in France to plant by the roadsides various kinds of forest trees, chiefly the poplar, the ash, and the elm. In the case of the national highways these trees are the property of the State, and when they have reached a certain age—generally about sixty years—they are cut down and sold for timber. In summer the shade afforded by the overhanging foliage is a great boon to soldiers on the march and other pedestrians. Even the shade of the poplar, meagre as it is, is better than the white glare of the dusty road without a line of shadow to break the monotonous dazzle. This system, however, of roadside planting is undergoing a change. In several departments fruit-trees are taking the place of forest trees, and if the experiment proves satisfactory the French Government will in course of time become growers of fruit on a very extensive scale. The example of Germany, which has made itself felt so much in France in ways absolutely at variance with husbandry, has also given the impulse which has resulted in this roadside fruit culture. In Alsace-

Lorraine the wayside orchards now produce an annual revenue of 150,000 fr. Switzerland, Belgium, and Luxemburg have already imitated Germany in this matter with marked success, and if the system does not produce equally good results in France—a country so highly favoured as regards climate—the explanation must be looked for in bad management. The fruit-trees that can be most successfully cultivated by the side of roads are the cherry, the apple, the pear, and the plum. In a great deal of the central and southern part of France the climate is perfectly suited to the peach, the apricot, the quince, and the walnut. This last already borders the French roads over a vast extent of country, but the trees are planted in the fields, and even the nuts that drop upon the public way are regarded as the property of the landowners. From an English point of view it seems very unsafe to plant fruit-trees where all who pass along a high road may help themselves to the fruit, but where there is plenty there is small risk of theft. In Alsace-Lorraine the wayside fruit-trees are farmed out by the State. Under no other system could the French Government



with its complicated administrative machinery make fruit-growing profitable.—E. H. B.

**Harnessed Dogs.** The harnessed dog which has disappeared from England under legislative suasion is still a very familiar object in many parts of the Continent. This is especially the case in Belgium, where it is largely employed for draft purposes by petty traders. It is frequently seen in France, although a decree of 1876 makes it illegal to use a dog in such a manner. It is likely, however, that this interdiction will be allowed to become a dead letter, it being regarded by many persons in authority as vexatious and uncalled for. It is maintained that the harnessed dog gets plenty of distraction in life, and is far less liable to go mad than the chained-up dog, which suffers grievously from *ennui*. There is force in this reasoning without doubt, and if the controversy could be decided upon the dogs' vote, it is pretty certain that the chain would be declared illegal and the harness legal. But these animals are not supposed to know what is best for them. The real question at issue is whether in practice the harnessed dog is treated more cruelly than other animals that are made to draw and carry for man. It is certain that the canine foot is not well suited to constant travelling on hard roads; but, like the human foot, it grows callous. Moreover, it is possible to furnish dogs with leather shoes. M. Decroix, one of the most prominent and active members of the French Society for the Protection of Animals, holds that there is no sufficient reason for prohibiting the use of dogs for draft purposes. "Every animal," he says, "ought to make itself useful according to its aptitude. A dog is better constituted than a man for drawing." Most people will agree that if a dog's strength be not over-taxed it can be employed in drawing or helping to draw a cart without cruelty, but the grave objection to the liberty which it is now proposed to revive in France is the risk of its being shamefully abused, and the difficulty of effectually protecting a harnessed dog from a master who would make the animal's life a misery to it.

**The Meerschaum Pipe Centenary.** An innocent mania of the present time in France is to celebrate all manner of anniversaries. A little while since a great deal was written in French about the centenary of the high hat of the "chimney pot" type, but a topic of later interest was the centenary of the meerschaum pipe. It is just about a hundred years ago that the strange substance in nature called meerschaum by the English (in imitation of the Germans), and *écume* by the French was first employed in pipe making. The French word is simply a translation of the German one meaning sea-foam, and it was originally written in full, *écume de mer*. It is no secret nowadays that the substance is pure silicate of magnesia, but the absurd notion that it was petrified sea-foam was long clung to by the public with remarkable pertinacity. There can be little doubt that the Austrians and other Germans who were the first to apply it to pipe making did nothing to destroy the fable concerning its origin. It was their interest to make it appear extremely rare

and to surround its nature with mystery. As a matter of fact, silicate of magnesia is only found in a very few places, and in very small quantities in Europe, the most favoured regions being Moravia and the Crimea. Therefore, meerschaum pipes were extremely costly until it was discovered that the much-desired mineral lay in extensive beds under alluvial soil in Asia Minor. Fifty years ago—the manufacture of meerschaum pipes having then been recently taken up by the French—M. Cardon, an enterprising Paris tradesman, determined to obtain the material first hand, started off on a voyage of discovery to Asia Minor. He was captured by brigands and went through other stirring adventures, which he afterwards related in a very amusing book; but he carried out his object. He not only brought back a large quantity of meerschaum, but established such relations in the country that he could rely upon obtaining a constant supply. Thus it was that the Parisians became formidable rivals of the Viennese in the manufacture of artistic meerschaum pipes—an industry perfectly adapted to their fanciful genius. It may be mentioned that freshly dug meerschaum is quite soft and possesses the properties of soap, as a substitute for which it is sometimes used by the Turks.

**Leprosy in Eastern Europe.** The German Government has sent a commission of skilled physicians into Russia with the object of studying the provisions and regulations of the Tsar's Government in dealing with leprosy. The German Government has latterly become most anxious about the appearance of this fearful disease in the seaports of the Baltic, whither it has been introduced from Russia, and is determined to avail itself of the experience of their Russian neighbours. It is not generally known that in Courland, Esthonia, and Livland leprosy is quite common. In these provinces numerous leper lazarettos have been established, which are said to be models of skilful management, and where the utmost solicitude is exercised on behalf of their wretched inmates. It is estimated that the number of lepers in European Russia at the present time approaches 5,000. Of course in Asiatic Russia, in cities like Samarkand and Kokand, leprosy makes fearful havoc. The lepers there live in colonies by themselves. Russian doctors state that a leper usually lives about twelve years after the first symptoms of the disease have been manifested.

**"... A marble altar, with a tress of flowers, budded newly..."** A novel departure in the archaeological world is the planting of all the flowers and shrubs mentioned by the classical authors, among the ruins of ancient Rome. It would seem a protest against the dictum that "deep learning is generally the grave of taste." At present, the newly set-out myrtles and rose-bushes have the dejected appearance of a child's wilted garden in the sand, but, undoubtedly, the future holds beauty in her clasp, and the wanderers of a coming day will rejoice in a wreath of dark, shining, deep indented acanthus about the Saturnian temple, and scattered pink petals freshly paving the House of the Vestals.



The Canadian Census. Census figures are popularly regarded as dry reading. Yet here are a few taken at random from the analytical census report of Canada, published this year, which, if read with a recent map of the country before one, help largely to an understanding of the position of the Dominion, and of the make-up and distribution of its population. The five million odd people of the Dominion are thus distributed over the various provinces and territories, and in this little table is shown as well the proportionate area of each province :

Province	Proportion Total Area	Population
Ontario . . .	6.5	43.9
Quebec . . .	6.7	30.7
Nova Scotia . . .	0.6	9.3
New Brunswick . . .	0.8	6.7
Manitoba . . .	1.9	3.1
Prince Edward Island . . .	0.1	2.3
British Columbia . . .	11.5	2
North-West Territories . . .	71.9	2

The French Canadians, the original settlers of Canada, constitute 290.7 per thousand of the total population. They are nearly all of the Roman Catholic Church, and their number accounts for the fact that out of every thousand inhabitants of the Dominion 412.2 are of the Roman Catholic religion. The Methodists are 175.6 per thousand of the population ;

Presbyterians 156.2 ; Church of England 133.7 ; Baptists 62.9 ; Lutherans 13.2 ; and Congregationalists and other Denominations 46.2. How comparatively small a proportion of the population of Canada is due to immigration from Europe within this generation is shown by the fact that out of every thousand people 866 were born in Canada. Those born in England, Scotland, and Ireland and in other British possessions were 101.6. Those born in the neighbouring Republic were only 16.8 per thousand, figures which show how small is the movement of population northwards across the line which divides Canada from the United States. The figures for Germany were 5.8 per thousand ; for France 1.7 ; and for Scandinavia, Poland and Russia combined 3.6. Although there has of recent years been an outcry against Chinamen in British Columbia, similar to that which resulted in the exclusion of Chinese immigrants from America, the figures show that Chinamen in Canada only number 1.9 per thousand. Nor are they all in British Columbia. As is the case in the United States, Chinamen in Canada are to be found in every city where there is any laundry work to be done. Wing Lung's sign board is, in fact, to be seen in almost every place on the American continent where the people are civilised to the point of wearing starched shirts and linen collars.

## Varieties.

Sham  
Abrahams.

In former times the ordinary colloquial term in the City for a forged or false bank-note was "a sham Abraham." This was because Abraham Newland was long the cashier whose name appeared on every note, and who was in the service of the Bank of England for more than sixty years. Mr. Clement Scott, whose father lived near Mr. Newland in Hoxton Square—then an almost rural neighbourhood—has lately written for the "Daily Mail" a most interesting account of the northern suburbs of London in the days of his boyhood. Among other recollections, he refers to Hoxton Square and to the house of Abraham Newland, No. 39. A brief memoir of him is given. Born at St. Mary Overy, Southwark, in 1730, he was appointed a clerk in the Bank at the age of eighteen. In 1782 he had risen to be cashier, with liberal salary and rooms in the Bank. For a quarter of a century he never slept one night out of the building. In 1803, when a clerk embezzled Exchequer Bills to the amount of £320,000, the shock to the cashier was so great that his health broke down, and in 1807 he resigned. He only lived two months after his resignation, died on April 21, 1807, and was buried on the 28th at the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark. He was unmarried, and left property to the amount of £130,000. There was a well-known song about "Abraham Newland," by Charles Dibdin, jun., very popular for a time. We saw, ninety years after his death, in 1897, a framed

portrait of "Abraham Newland, Cashier of the Bank of England," in the window of Samuel, antiquary and relic dealer, in Oxford Street. The sight of it recalled to my recollection the once familiar term of "a sham Abraham," or note of "Bank of Elegance."—J. M.

On the Trail of Don Quixote. The province of La Mancha is one of the most backward and barbarous regions in Spain. It is very little altered since the days of Don Quixote. This gives it a charm to all who love the memory and admire the great book of Cervantes. The artist Vièrge and an American author, both enthusiastic admirers of the Knight of La Mancha, have jointly produced a volume rich in recollections and illustrations of the country as it was, and is now, and likely to remain for ever. The dreary plains, the sleepy villages, are just as they were when Cervantes described them. The priests, the people, the innkeepers, all are just the same. It is delightful to linger in the village of Argamusilli, where the Don was born, and El Tobosa, where Dulcinea lived, and to be with Sancho Panza, and to see the roads and posadas and windmills of La Mancha. Of the charms of the book we must say nothing, but only extract one little paragraph, worthy of attention both by the rulers of Spain and capitalists in England or America, out of which might come a disturbance of the long night of neglect and poverty. It is about the Sierra Morena, mountain passes which had to be crossed in leaving

La Mancha for the richer and more lovely Andalusia. "Our path was strewn with fallen *débris*, constantly disintegrated from the rocks by the action of the elements. Rich metallic chunks of quartz showed the wealth lying hid in those Morena mountains, celebrated even in the days of the Roman occupation for mines of copper, lead, antimony, and silver, which have been abandoned or forgotten for centuries. By the mines as sources of gain the prosperity of the Spaniards might be obtained in ways not Quixotic!"

President Kruger. Every evening the President of the Transvaal goes to bed at eight o'clock, and, on the "early to bed and early to rise" principle, he gets up at four, for an hour or two of private devotion. At five or half-past five come family prayers, and far down the street you can hear the voice of the old Burgher rolling forth his favourite Dutch psalm. Then a moment's pause, and the same deep voice speaks out its petition for mercies and for vengeance upon all enemies; for Oom Paul is said to believe in the imprecatory Psalms, as well as in the Sermon on the Mount. When I called on the old President, however, he professed the utmost love to all who loved the same Lord, whatever their creed or nationality, and said nothing about his enemies.—*Dr. Francis E. Clark in "New York Independent."*

Memoir and Letters of A. D. Bartlett. We learn from a correspondent, in reference to the article in "Leisure Hour" for July about "Bartlett of the Zoo," that a Memoir is being prepared by Mr. Edward Bartlett, the elder brother of Mr. Clarence Bartlett, the new Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens. This arrangement was made by the late A. D. Bartlett, who in his will left to Mr. Clarence Bartlett the specimens and pictures in the house at the Gardens, with the exception of such as might be useful in the preparation of the Memoir by his brother.

We repeat our earnest hope that a worthy memoir, with selections from the correspondence, may be produced as early as the health and occupations of Mr. Edward Bartlett allow. He has come home from Borneo, where he was attached to Rajah Brook, as naturalist. It will take time to collect the materials requisite for the Memoir of his father, who has commissioned him to do this work.

Over-feeding. In a book by the late Sir Benjamin Richardson, on special diseases of our times, we find the following concerning excess in daily food: "Adult middle-aged English men and women, who may be accepted as the types of moderate people comfortably provided for, take, on an average, twelve ounces of mixed solid food for breakfast, twelve ounces for midday meal or luncheon, and from twenty to thirty ounces for their late modern dinner or ancient supper. A total of from forty-five to fifty ounces of solid sustenance is, in fact, taken, to which is added from fifty to sixty ounces of fluid in the way of tea, coffee, water, beer, wine. This is at least double the amount required for the sustenance of the hardest mental and bodily labour. The estimate of what is

taken by so-called moderate persons is trifling compared with what immoderate people consume daily. These suffer from dyspepsia, constipation, hæmorrhoids, and various diseases ending in fatty degeneration of the heart and in death from that cause." Sir B. Richardson had some "fads," and his own early death was due to excessive mental work; but his remarks about over-feeding are sensible and practical. Dr. G. Keith, the eminent surgeon, has lately published a little volume warning people against the habitual excess of feeding beyond what nature and health require. Dr. Keith is one of the oldest Fellows of the College of Physicians of Edinburgh. He was assistant to Sir J. Young Simpson when chloroform was first used as an anæsthetic, fifty years ago. "Plea for a Simpler Life" is the title of his book.

Ants, Vitality of. "I am greatly puzzled to know how ants survive in their nests through the floods and the frosts. Are their nests watertight? Do they hibernate? It is possible that they can close up their nests so that the water cannot penetrate. If they do this, how do they obtain air? I have often noticed how difficult it is to wet an ant, or to drown one. Perhaps they are covered with some oily substance, which keeps them dry, and they may perhaps keep their nests dry by the same oily substance, but still they would have no air when under water. During the floods of 1894, nests of the common black ant were under six feet of water for weeks, and in the frost of 1895 they were for a much longer time waterlogged and icebound; yet they came out along the brickwork and ran about just as usual! I would look up the subject in books, but I feel sure this is just one of those things that books would say nothing about. I sat next to Sir John Lubbock at the Academy dinner. I wish I had thought of it then, as I might have asked him."—"Riverside Letters," by G. D. Leslie, R.A.

In the book entitled "Ants and their Ways," by the Rev. W. Farren White, vicar of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, published at 56 Paternoster Row, Mr. Leslie and all inquirers will find a clear and full solution of what seems puzzling, and with a good illustration.

Astronomical Notes for September. The sun is vertical over the equator at about 7 o'clock in the evening on the 22nd of this month, which is therefore the day of the equinox, when day and night are of equal length over the world, except that the effect of refraction somewhat lengthens the daylight, especially in cold climates. On the 1st day the sun rises at Greenwich at 5 h. 14 m. in the morning, and sets at 6 h. 45 m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5 h. 37 m., and sets at 6 h. 13 m.; on the 22nd he rises at 5 h. 48 m., and sets at 5 h. 57 m. The moon enters her first quarter at 11 h. 13 m. on the night of the 3rd; becomes full at 2 h. 12 m. on the morning of the 11th; enters her last quarter at 2 h. 51 m. on that of the 19th; and becomes new at 1 h. 46 m. on the afternoon of the 26th. She is in perigee, or nearest the earth, about 10 o'clock on the evening of the 1st; in apogee, or farthest from us, about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 17th; and in perigee again about midnight on the 28th. The planet Mercury is at inferior conjunction

with the sun on the 22nd, and therefore will not be visible this month, except perhaps for a very short time after sunset at the beginning of it, situated in the western part of the constellation Virgo. Venus is a morning star, moving during the month from Cancer into Leo, and passing very near Regulus, the brightest star of the latter constellation, on the 25th. Mars is in Virgo, near Mercury, at the beginning of the month, but has become a very faint object, and not visible in

the evening twilight. Jupiter is also not visible this month, being in conjunction with the sun on the morning of the 13th. So that the only planet visible in the evening during the greater part of it will be Saturn, which is in the western part of Scorpio, and sets about 10 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of the month and before 8 at the end of it. No planet will be above the horizon after he sets until Venus rises about 2 o'clock in the morning.—W. T. LYNN.

## The Fireside Club.

### TAKING A HOLIDAY.

(PRIZE PAPER.)

A HOLIDAY! How the very word appeals to us at this season, and in fancy whirls us from the tumult of city life to the restful green of the country, the breezy shore, or the subtle-scented hedgerows, with the dew upon them. To all of us, I repeat, the word has its fascination, from the wealthy citizen whose well-lined purse can carry him to Switzerland or the Riviera, down to the poor toiler who must be content with his modest bank holiday, spent in Epping Forest, knowing that at the week-end he will be fined a day's wages for presuming to think that he needed a holiday at all.

This paper, however, appeals especially to those who snatch annually a few brief days of leisure from their busy lives, yet who often return home feeling that their expectations have not been realised, the women-folk especially declaring that the extra work entailed both before and after is too big a price to pay for the brief respite.

We think that many such disappointments might be obviated by a little consideration before leaving home. It should be remembered that true recreation consists in change of employment, and therefore each individual or party should carefully consider their own special requirements, and choose a place where, as far as possible, such requirements can be met. Thus persons who have much brainwork, but whose employment gives little scope for bodily exertion, should fix on some place where muscular exercise can be readily and pleasantly indulged in. Rowing, mountaineering, or walking excursions to places of natural beauty or historic interest will prove the best antidote for brain-fag, and by restoring the balance of forces will promote healthful vigour and enjoyment.

On the other hand, those of us who perform hard bodily labour should seek some resort where, while the body rests, the mind may get that opportunity of exercise and expansion which it lacks at home. This may be obtained by quiet communion with nature, by the perusal of elevating literature, and perhaps more than all by a thoughtful study of and conversation with those around us, thus storing our sympathies, and spending our holidays happily and usefully.

And you mothers, be determined to take no more

luggage than is necessary for comfort, and so lessen your cares at the outset. Let the children's clothing be of materials which will stand the strain of a holiday without continual changing; then that spectre, the huge family wash, will not loom darkly on the home-coming, sapping the vitality you have just gained.

Lastly, let all remember that if we shed the sunshine of goodwill around us, its reflected beams will return and dwell sweetly with us when these brief holidays are numbered with the past.

L. ASTON.

### TAKING A HOLIDAY.

(COMMENDED PAPER.)

Most agreeable of enterprises! You are rejuvenated by the very prospect of adventuring on't. Anticipation of such an event, indeed, appeals to me as being in some respects almost as delightful as the actual experience. What keen enjoyment is there in that premature scheming! How exciting is the preparation! How sanguine the expectancy! But the reality alas! is sometimes disenchanting. Your aims are often unfulfilled. An ideal holiday, to my mind, should above all things be peaceful. For this reason, when I am fortunate enough to get one, those popular seaside towns invariably fail to lure me; indeed, I eschew them willingly. Not, understand me, that I am insensible to the manifold charms of such places, but they seem to me to have, as it were, the inevitable defects of their advantages. Those golden sands, for instance, are in themselves vastly pleasing, but what shall be said of the motley multitudes that perpetually invade them? It is the height of fatuity to look for solace in the midst of that maddening concourse of squealing infants, discordant minstrels, Edwins and Angelinas galore. These, and other too common objects of the seashore, are like so many blows aimed at a man's endeavours after peace. So, for myself, I am accustomed to seek refreshment in the tranquillity of country life. I love to spend my holiday in a quiet cottage homestead that I wot of—an ivy-covered, quaint old place, far, far away from tumultuous cities. I love to angle in that limpid stream that runs hard by; to bask in the new-mown hay; to muse o'er green fields where the sun's heat is tempered to a pleasant coolness. Unanalysable charm of country life! How

speedily does it change the pessimist's warped view of things! The influence of those flowerful meadows is wondrously soothing; that singing of innumerable birds makes glad the heart! Ah me! Fain would I dwell for ever in that delightful spot I wot of. But an inscrutable fate deters me. I visit it for a fortnight in the summer, and I maintain, by your leave, that there could be no more profitable way of spending a holiday.

J. CRILBY.

Other members of the club suggested a day in town as the most delightful holiday for country folk, a selfish holiday as the best variety for unselfish people, and *vice versa*, a week abroad as more interesting than a month in any home resort, and a winter holiday as the most sensible one for people whose country homes and gardens are most delightful in the ordinary holiday summer season.

#### BOUT RIMÉ COMPETITION.

This has proved so popular the editor is convinced that, given rhymes, we are a club of poets. The prescribed rhymes (which, it may be noted, were almost all taken from Lord Tennyson's "June Bracken and Heather") seem to have suggested wonderfully similar ideas to most writers. The crux proved to be the word *seven*, which was hard to introduce naturally, and the Pleiades, the days of the week, etc., had to be invoked, more or less happily, as also this same year of jubilee.

The two poems that follow are both so good that the Editor resolves to award two prizes instead of one, considering them as equally deserving. Many other verses were sweet and pleasing, and before long we hope to have another competition of this kind for members of the club.

#### FEDERATION—1897.

Unloved, nor well remembered, the unclustered stars  
of heaven;  
But set them, gems together, such as deck the beauty  
brown,  
Cheek or bosom, of some Indian queen, they write  
a Titan rhyme,  
Of Orion, of the mystic Plough, the Pleiad sisters  
seven,  
Which, once read, forget we never, from the centuries  
shining down,  
As with friendly eyes, to greet us, to the ends of  
terrene time.

On the lake alone are lilies, on the hills is only  
heather;  
They are lovely, but we leave them, through how many  
a pleasant hour,  
Taking pride in rich profusion of its yellow, red, and blue,  
To wander where the garden gathers all that's best  
together.  
So, England, might we praise you, as a single star  
or flower,  
But with federate realms around you, dearer, fairer  
yet are you!

PHILIP NEWMAN.

#### UNSPOKEN.

In that fair land where grows the stately pine and  
heather,

One simply told his love in glowing autumn time,  
Yet for that telling wove no tender words together,  
Nor bade them soar in song, or flow in silver rhyme.

Perchance words failed, or in that blissful, quiet hour,  
The eyes, which should have read love's look, gazed  
shyly down,  
But in her hand he laid the white heath's fairy flower,  
Plucked 'mid the furse and bracken gleaming, gold  
and brown.

And through long years the echo of those sweet  
words seven,  
Whispered by snowy bells for him, beneath the  
blue,  
Have rung for her, and still they ring, but now from  
Heaven,  
(For he is dead,) "Liebchen, I love, I love but  
you."

E. G. STUART.

(The above incident has been related by the Queen in  
connection with the courtship of the Dowager Empress  
of Germany.)

#### SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

##### THIRD OF FOUR (see page 611).

The names of the speakers of the passages quoted  
are:

1. EDWARD . "Henry VI," Part III, Act Four,  
Scene One.
2. NORFOLK . "Richard II," Act One, Scene  
Three.
3. GAUNT . "Richard II," Act One, Scene  
One.
4. LUCY . "Henry VI," Part I, Act Four,  
Scene Seven.
5. ARMADO . "Love's Labour's Lost," Act Five,  
Scene Two.
6. NERISSA . "Merchant of Venice, Act Three,  
Scene Two.
7. DOUGLAS . "Henry IV," Part I, Act Four,  
Scene One.

#### WHOLE.

ENGLAND. "Richard III," Act Two, Scene Three.

The solution of the fourth (and final) acrostic will  
be given next month, with the names of successful  
competitors in the series.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more  
than one prize in each class in the year, but may be  
commended.

II. Editor's decision final. No private corre-  
spondence possible, even when stamps are sent.

III. Answers appear here, and the full prize-list  
will be found among advertisements.



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